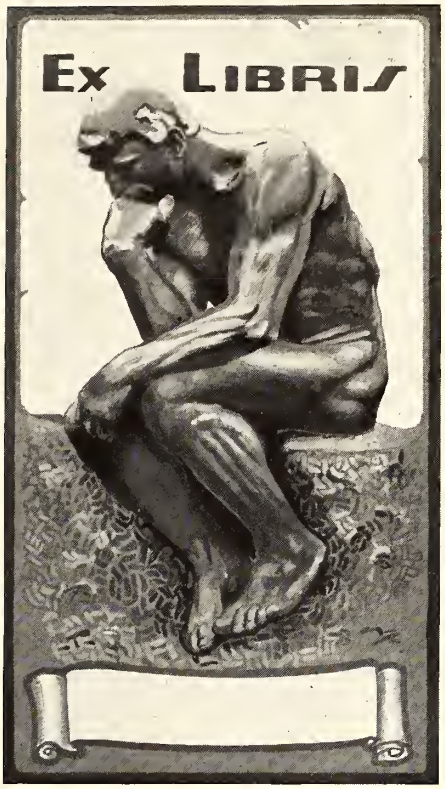
Milliken
1927

Archives



"What we are we do not see;
what we see is our shadow."

—Tagore.

The Millidek

1927

Assembled and Published by

THE CLASS OF 1927

of the

JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY

DECATUR, ILLINOIS

VOLUME 23

1926

Dedicated To
The Spirit of Creative Appreciation
as we have found it in
MR. MILLS

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Foreword

Perhaps some of us may object to being shadows. It IS rather annoying; being classified as a shadow when we have always considered ourselves a very definite reality. Yet there is a reality in Millikin for which we, with our chiffon scarfs and Greek letters and organized clubs, are only very pale and very imperfect Shadows.

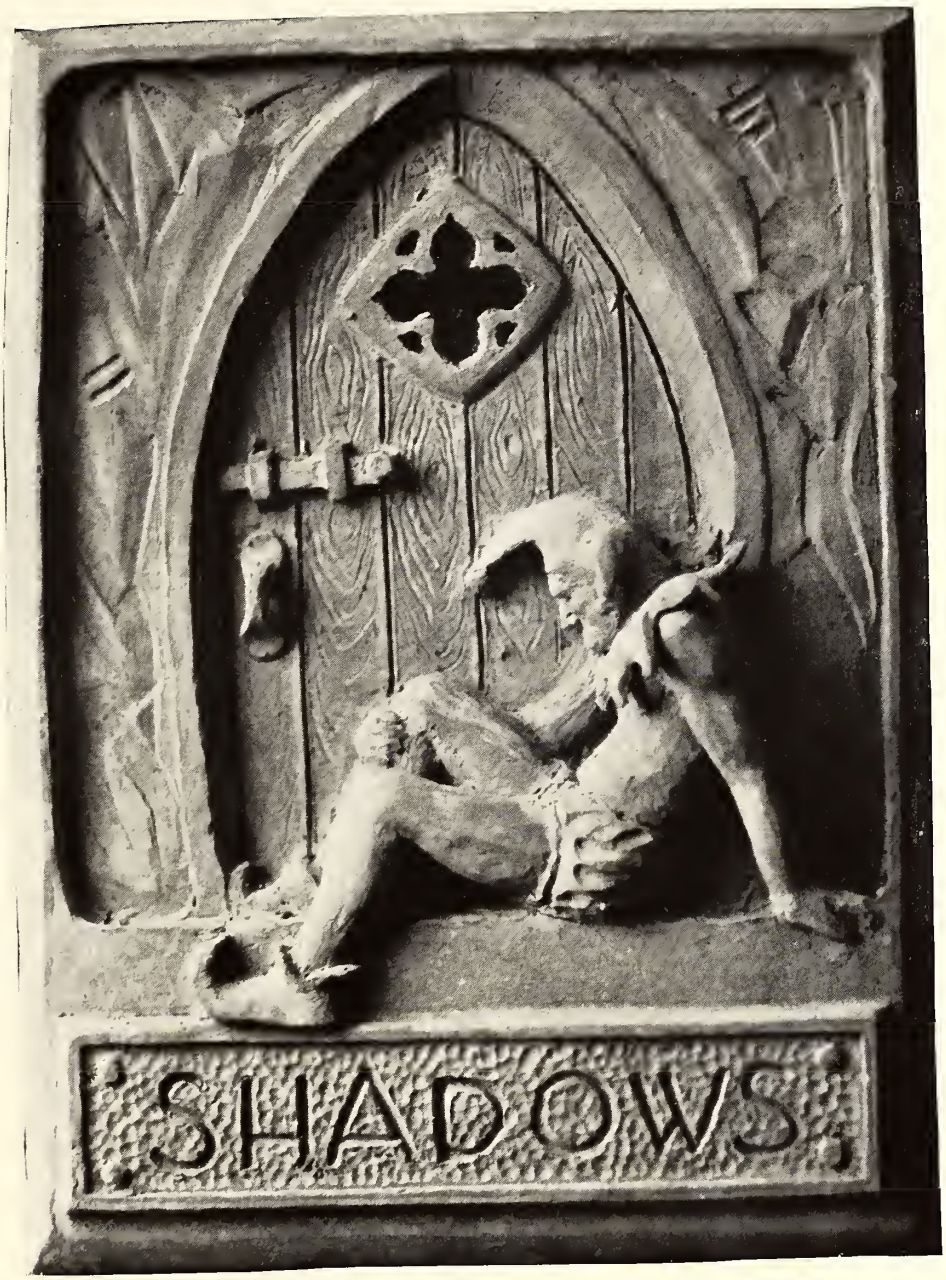
It is comforting that we are all shadows together; faculty and students, conservatory and clubs, athletes and fraternities—all more or less pale, more or less imperfect. Yet, pale and imperfect as we may be, there is much of fascination in our own blue or silver outlines. And so the Millidek of 1927 has given over half of its pages to Millikin Shadows. But sometimes, in the stroke of a crayon, in the sharp saltiness of satire, or in the music of a long limpid cadence, we come close to the Reality. This year the Millidek has taken some of these near-to-reality moments and built of them a second section.

This new plan of division represents, too, a Pilgrimage . . . not of yellow-robed Hindus nor of Spanish ships-of-ivory . . . but a Pilgrimage from the Shadows to Reality. For at first the sun was so very bright and the Thing Itself so whitely translucent that the Shadows stood out black and dominant and we hailed THEM as our Mecca; classes, teams, fraternities, all the various standards and organizations, became the center of our interest.

But later (it was on in the afternoon of our Pilgrimage and the sun was not nearly so brilliant) we saw them as faint and flickering shadows, lovely often, but still only the shadows of what we were traveling toward. And what are we traveling toward? . . . Why, perhaps our Pilgrimage, like Tagore's, is to "no country and to no end."

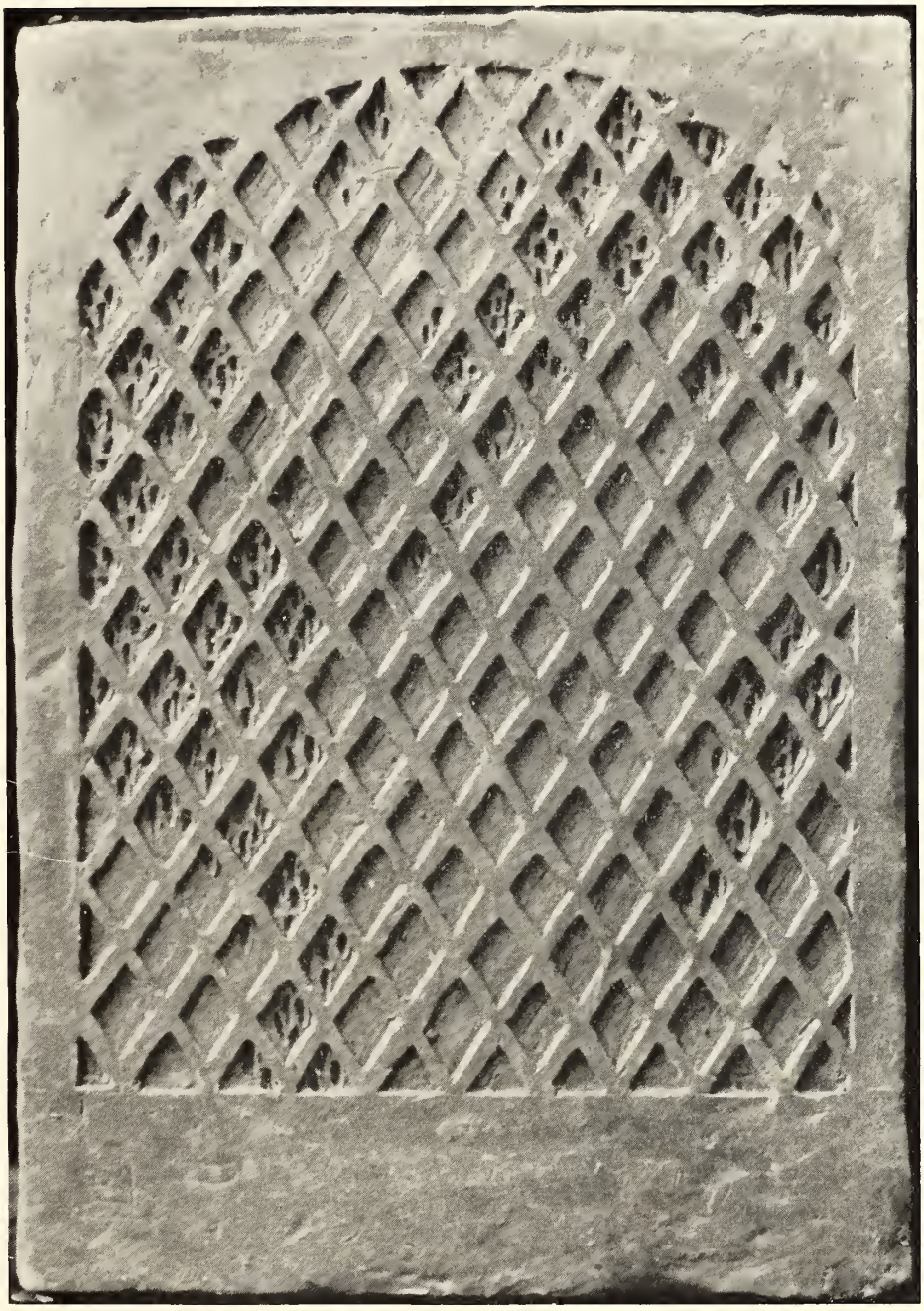
Curriculum

Fraternity men think of college
As the solemn clasping of hands
Or a row of silver trophies.
The flunker sees a stern faced Dean
Saying "The five fifteen still leaves at five fifteen."
Co-eds think of formals
Or the moon after a basketball victory.
The athlete sees only the home-coming game
Or tape and liniment and long rides in an ambling bus.
The "Collegian" thinks of decorated slickers
Or "hot music" from a six piece orchestra.
The wearer of the golden key
Visions long hours in the laboratory
And the writing of a thesis of twelve thousand words.
But I like to think of college
As lengthening curbstone conversation
On a night before my tonghest "8 o'clock".

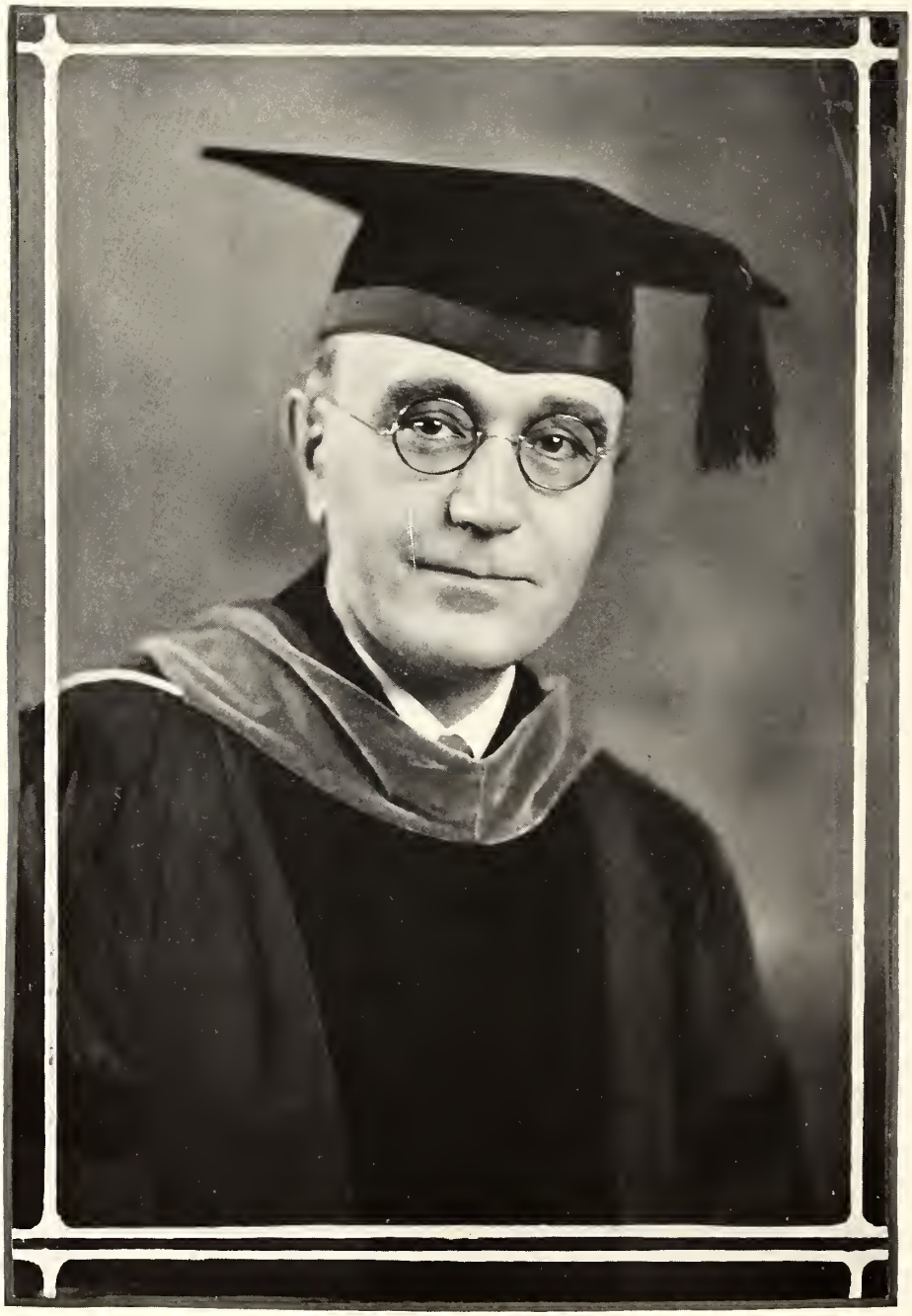

SHADOWS

Silence

Alone with a printed page
And silence,—
Silence far into the night,
Silence centuries old,
So old that it rang in the ears of Thales
As mystic and everlasting as into mine.
So old that John in the wilderness
Spoke with it, and Sappho
Turned its echoes into music.
So old and wise and all-encompassing
That my mind is seated at the feet of the
prophets
While the night lasts.



. . . Purple Shadows . . .



To think of Dr. Penney is to think of power. Power of purpose and power of execution. His two years at Millikin show a record of real accomplishment.

As a business man of marked ability he has increased the administrative efficiency of the university. As an unusual scholar he has raised the scholastic standing. And as a true friend of all students he has created an atmosphere of confidence among them, both in himself and in the university.

His fairness and his consideration for the viewpoints of others have been remarkable. Every student feels that the president is his friend and will treat him fairly. In fact, the very presence of the power and kindness that is Dr. Penney is meaning an untold amount to Millikin.

MRS. LILLIAN M. WALKER
Dean of Women

"In like manner, every college has its indispensable office, to teach elements: but it can only highly serve when it aims not to drill, but to inspire; when it gathers from afar every ray of various genius to its hospitable halls and by their concentrated fires sets the hearts of its youth on flame."

—Emerson.

HELMAR PARELI VON WOLD KJERCHOW AGERSBORG
Wheeler Professor of Biology
Σ Ξ, Γ Ε Τ
B.S., M.S., University of Washington, Seattle; University of Oslo, Norway; A.M., Columbia University; Ph.D., University of Illinois.

EUGENIA ALLIN
Librarian and Professor of Library Science
Φ Δ Ψ, Ζ Τ Α
B.L.S., University of Illinois.

WILLIAM BELLIS
Professor of Mathematics
Γ Ε Τ
Ph.B., State Normal College, Upsilanti; B.S., University of Chicago; Cornell; University of Wisconsin; Harvard.

BONNIE REBECCA BLACKBURN
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Δ Δ Δ, Kappa
A.B., James Millikin University; A.M., University of Chicago; Certificat d'Etudes Francaises, Universite de Grenoble.

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Recorder, Instructor in Latin
Kappa
A.B., A.M., James Millikin University.

CASTLE MARLETT BROWN
Associate Professor of Political Science
Β Θ Π, Φ Μ Α
Ph.B., Dennison University; J. D., University of Chicago; M.A., Columbia University.

LORELL MORTIMER COLE

Professor Manual Training

Stout Manual Training School for Teachers; University of Virginia; New York School of Agriculture.

DOROTHY DILLON

Instructor in Physical Education for Women

Southern Illinois State Normal University; Chicago Normal School of Physical Education.

MABEL DUNLAP

Professor of Textiles and Clothing

B.S., A.M., Columbia University.

SAMUEL EDDY

Instructor in Biology

Τ Κ Ε, Κ Φ Κ, Kappa

A.B., James Millikin University; University of Washington; University of Illinois.

FAY FISHER

Acting Associate Professor of English Literature

Α Χ Ω, Π Μ Θ, Kappa

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HOWARD GOULD

Assistant Professor of Chemistry

Φ Λ Ε

B.S., McKendree College; M.S., University of Illinois.

ARTHUR MCKEE HAHN
Instructor in Manual Training
James Millikin University.

CARL HEAD
Professor of Mechanical Engineering
T K E
B.S. in Mechanical Engineering, James Millikin University.

LUTHER BATEMAN HENDERSON
Rouse Professor of Philoscphy
B.S., New York University; A.M., B.D., Yale; Goetingen; Marburg; Berlin.

CHARLES ELMER HOLLEY
Professor of Education
K Δ Π, Σ Ξ, Φ Δ K
N. I. S. N. U., DeKalb; A.B., A.M., Ph.D., University of Illinois.

THOMAS DUDLEY HOWE
Instructor in Biology
Φ B K, Σ Ξ
B. S. C., University of Nebraska; A. M., University of Nebraska; Ph.D., University of Wisconsin.

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Director of Athletics
Σ A E
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Professor of Mathematics
Δ Σ Φ
B.S., Michigan Agricultural College; M.S., Fellow, University of Michigan.

BUELAH VIRGINIA KNIPLE
Instructor in Foods and Nutrition
Z T A, Π M Φ, Γ E T
B.S. in Household Arts, James Millikin University.

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Professor of Greek and Latin
A.B., A.M., Wellesley College.

DAVIDA MCCASLIN
Professor of Rhetoric
Δ Δ Δ
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ALBERT TAYLOR MILLS
Professor of History and Political Science
Ph.B., A.M., University of Michigan; University of Chicago.

FRANCES MOUNT
Assistant Librarian
Θ Γ
A.B. James Millikin University.

ROBERT JOSEPH MURPHY
Instructor in Accountancy
Β Θ Π

B.S. in Economics, University of Pennsylvania; University of Illinois; C. P. A.

LEONARD TRUMAN NORDLIE
Associate Professor of Commerce and Finance

A.B., Concordia College; A.M., University of Illinois.

JAMES HARVEY RANSOM
Professor of Chemistry

B.S., M.S., Wabash College; Ph.D., University of Chicago.

FLORA ROSS
Assistant Professor in Modern Languages
Α Χ Ω

A.B., James Millikin University; A. M., Columbia University; Certificat d'Etudes Francaises, Universite de Grenoble.

HERBERT SEARLES
Professor of Biblical History and Literature
Κ Φ Κ

A.B., Dartmouth College; Ph.B., Union Theological Seminary; M.A., University of Iowa.

DOROTHY SMITH
Instructor in Fine and Applied Arts
Φ Β Δ, Λ Φ Δ

Ph.B., University of Chicago; Academy of Fine Arts; Art Institute, Chicago.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE SMITH
Professor of Economics
Φ Β Κ
A.B., A.M., LL.D., Lafayette College.

FERN KAUFFMAN SPRINGER
Instructor in Household Arts
Ζ Τ Α, Π Μ Θ
B.S., James Millikin University.

FRED DELZELL TOWNSLEY
Professor of Physics
A.B., Wabash College; A.M., University of Illinois.

AMY ROSELLA WOLLER
Instructor in Fine and Applied Arts
Π Λ Θ, Λ Φ Δ
Ph.B., A.M., in History of Art, University of Chicago.

CHARLINE FENDER WOOD
Associate Professor of Rhetoric
A.B., Western College; A. M., Columbia University; University of Chicago.

OLIVE MINERVA YOUNG
Professor of Household Science
A.B. University of Nebraska.

WILLIAM ERNEST YOUNG
Professor of Public Speaking
Δ Σ Ρ, Φ Β Κ, Κ Φ Κ
,A.B., Bates; University of Michigan.

CLARENCE DEAKINS
Secretary to the President
Σ Α Ε
B.S. James Millikin University.

CALVERT WELCH DYER
Secretary and Auditor
Κ Σ
A.B., Cumberland University.

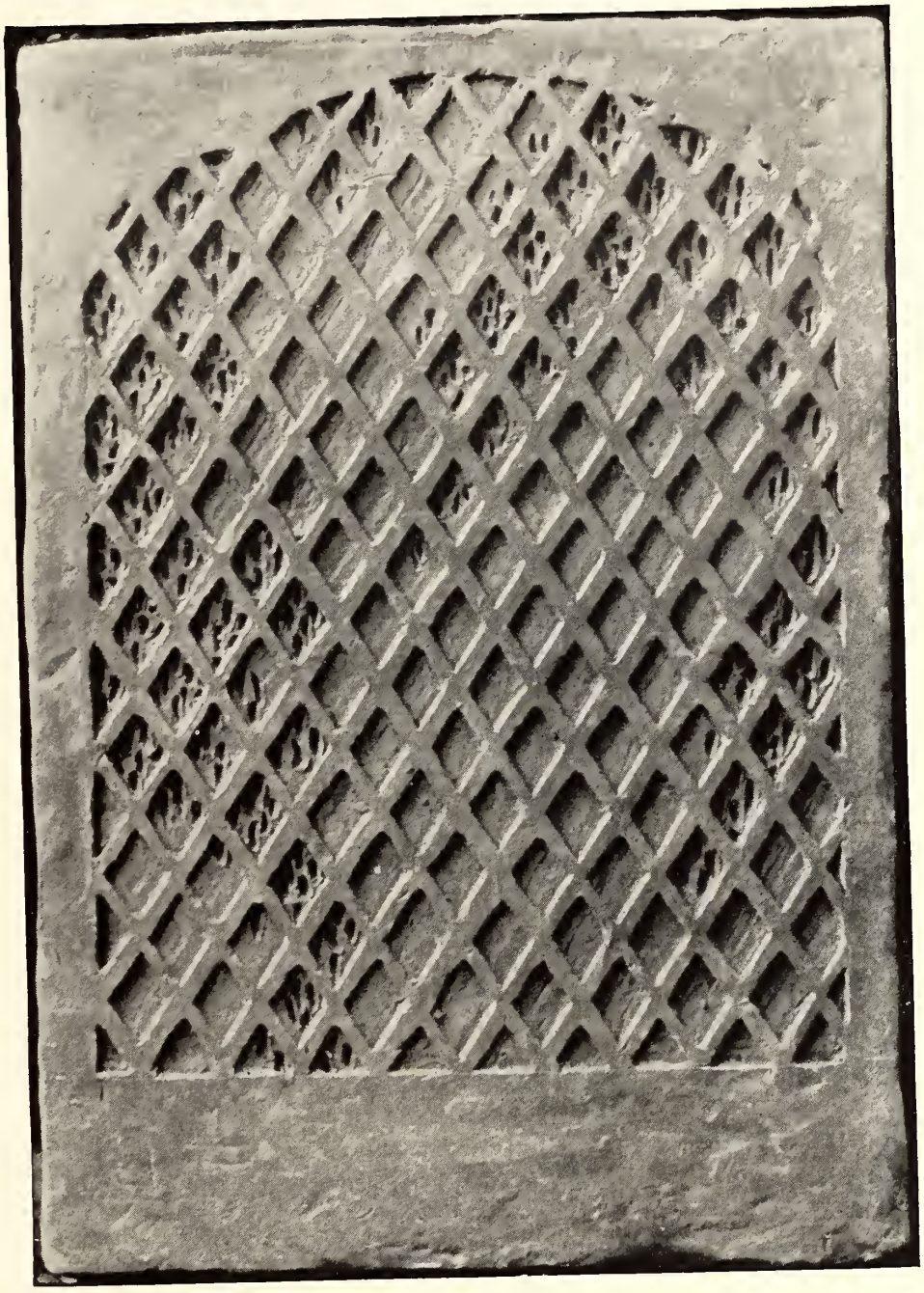
DOROTHY GIFFIN
Δ Τ Α
Secretary to Auditor

MARGARET RYAN

ZELLA TRAVER
Administrative Secretary
A.B. James Millikin University.

Souvenir

The thousand little songs you sang
All, all remain with me
And some are proud and some are bright
And some are shadowy.
There's one song that goes lilting
And one goes stumbling blind,
One takes my spirit in her arms
And one assails my mind.
About my feet like lilies crowd—
(I never am alone!)
The thousand little songs you left
To love me now you're gone.



. . . And Blue . . .

The Freshman Class

OFFICERS

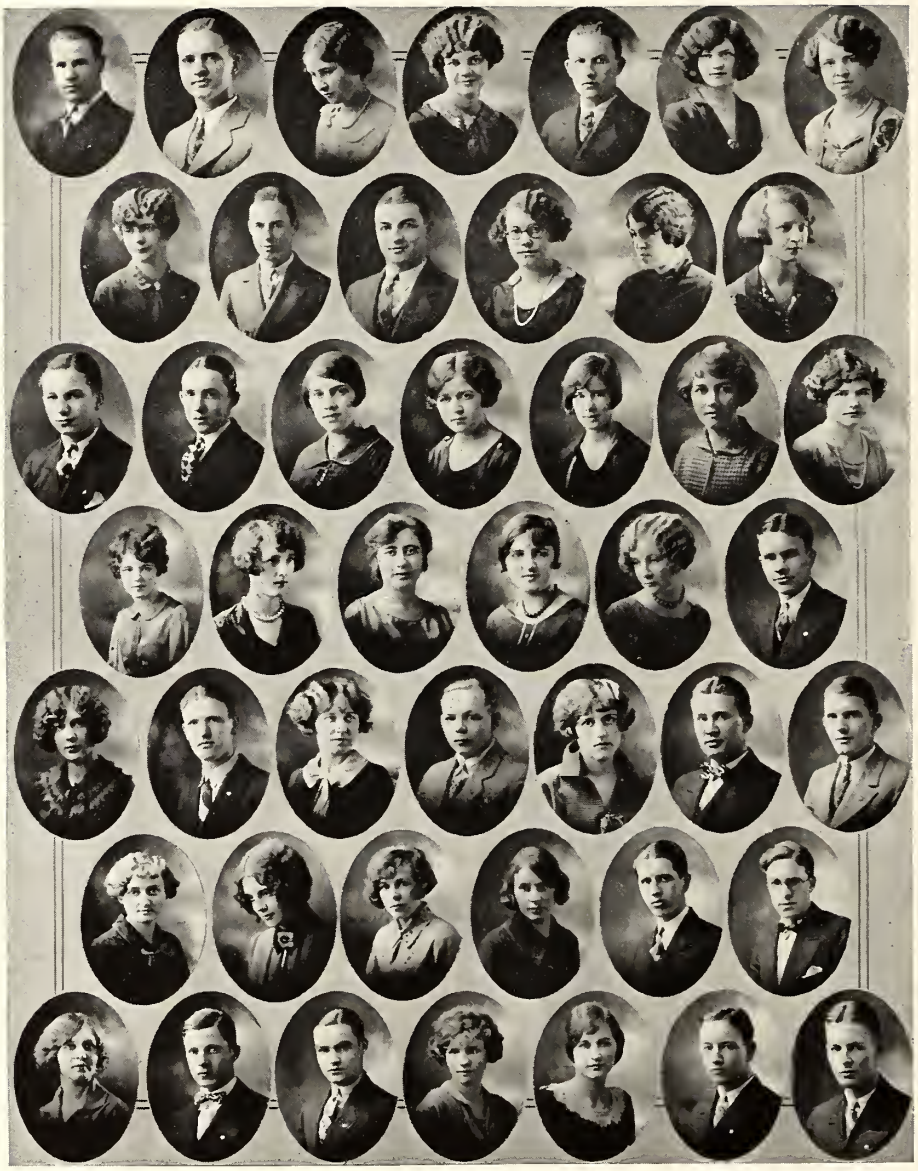
Clarence Flint	*President*
Gene Auth	*Vice-President*
Charlotte Musser	*Secretary*
Howard Stephany	*Treasurer*
Marian Pease	*Student Council*
Frank Bear	*Student Council*

. . . There are, you know, two ways of staging a procession; either you begin with the Emperor, followed by the Noblemen, the lesser court, and the pages, or you begin with the pages and lead up to the Emperor. . .

The classes this year are arranged according to the latter way. (Not, oh Freshmen! insinuating that you are Pages. . .)

The wearers of the green first loomed into prominence by winning the annual Freshman-Sophomore scrap. Although the Sophomores held the advantage of early organization, they were outclassed in the preliminary skirmishes. When the final test came the men divided honors but the girls came to the rescue and won over the Sophomore hockey team. The result was a two to one decision for the Freshmen. Since then the members of the first-year class have been very creditably taking their place in Millikin activities.

Top row: Abrams, Andrews, Armsworth, Baker, S. Barnes, F. Barnes, Barnett
Second row: Batman, Bayliss, Bell, Beverage, Blackmore, Body.
Third row: Bopp, Brockhouse, Brotherton, Brundage, Byers, Campbell, Cassity
Fourth row: Corder, Cope, Cline, Clemow, Chupp, Chaniot
Fifth row: Covalt, Dale, Dake, Douthit, Draser, Drysdale, Dugan
Sixth row: Engelder, Ellis, Elliot, Eastham, Dyer, Duncan.
Bottom row: Farrar, Folrath, Foran, Fowler, Frankenfeld, Griswold, Girton



Top row: Golightly, Gaskins, Griffith, Guest, Hale, Harper, Harris
Second row: Hetherington, Hedrick, Heinle, Hiltabrand, Honnold, Hucke
Third row: Kaler, Jump, Jordon, Johnson, James, Huston, M. Huston
Fourth row: Kearney, Kincaid, Kissel, Logsden, Lindsay, Lutz
Fifth row: McDavid, McClure, McClelland, McCarthy, McBride, Maynard, Martin
Sixth row: Myer, Moffett, Mitchell, Miller, McClain, McFadden
Bottom row: Nelch, Pankey, Pankey, Pergrem, Pickrell, Pierce, Plaisted

Top row: Quindry, Porter, Poscover, Ralston, Redfern, Reeve
Second row: Renshaw, Richart, Rush, Russell, Sawyer, Schleiser, Schlemer
Third row: Schulte, Scott, Sines, Smith, Speilbring, Spenceley
Fourth row: Spray, Stewart, Stokes, Stone, Stonecipher, Sutton, Swick
Fifth row: Talbott, H. Taylor, M. Taylor, R. Taylor, Tellkamp, Thomas
Sixth row: M. Thompson, S. Thompson, Trowbridge, Valentine, Virgin, Walston, Walters
Bottom row: Weber, Wherry, Wiese, Wilson, Wise, Young

The Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

Glen Jones	*President*
Esther Wakefield	*Vice-President*
Margaret Bailey	*Secretary*
Stuart Coe	*Treasurer*
Margaret Lancaster	*Student Council*
James Richey	*Student Council*

Amid the usual bedlam of green caps (?), greased flag poles, and splintered paddles, the students of '28 started second year proceedings. Startling evidences of Sophomore wit and originality appeared in the Homecoming parade. And then, "from the ridiculous to the sublime"—the Sophomores again busied themselves, and offered for the student body's approval the annual Sophomore Cotillion. But as individuals these ever-busy Sophomores were so engrossed in the honorable pursuit of happiness, activities, scholarship, and the opposite sex, that it was a most difficult task to bring such spirited students together for the purpose of discussing class finance and functions. However, just watch that class of '28 when it bursts into the coveted realm of upper classmen!

Top row: Ambrose, Baker, Barth, Beatty, Behrends, Boyer, Brosseau
Second row: Brown, Bruce, Burke, Carmichael, Chassey, Clark
Third row: Collier, Coutant, Crawford, Darkin, Davis, DeBaum, Dement
Fourth row: Earl, East, Eells, Eickenberry, Eilers, Firth
Fifth row: Flint, Folrath, Forsyth, Furman, Golden, Griffith, Gutherie
Sixth row: Harbarger, Harris, Hastings, Hawver, Helmick, Henebry
Bottom row: Hippenstill, Hogal, Holden, Hughey, Humphrey, C. Jones

Top row: C. Jones, Joy, Kenney, King, Laws, Lachemeyer, Luckacs.
Second row: Malone, Mautz, Marvel, Mason, McFadden, McPheeters
Third row: McReynolds, Metzger, Minges, Mitchell, Meyers, Nolan, Pluck
Fourth row: Reading, Rule, I. Scott, M. Scott, T. Smith, V. Smith
Fifth row: Smoot, Stiegemeier, Stone, Stoner, Storm, E. Taylor, S. Taylor
Sixth row: Thompson, Twiss, Van Guilder, Van Zandt, Walters, B. Watkins.
Bottom row: M. Watkins, Weld, Wise, Yoder

English Club

First row: Ambrose, Ryman, Stewart, Firth, Horton, Moore, Harris, Nash
Second row: Goatley, Metzger, Golden, Traughber, Coffee, Denny, Higman
Third row: Furman, Prichett, Hicks, Hood, Kenney, Robb

OFFICERS

Ruth Traughber.....*President*
Adelia Metzger.....*Vice-President*
Alice Ambrose.....*Secretary*
Talbot Hood.....*Treasurer*

The English Club has achieved this year both a new formality and a quiet graciousness. The meetings have been held in the sorority houses, in the homes of Miss McCaslin, Miss Wood, and Miss Fisher, and in Aston Hall. The programs were formal, reaching into the fields of music, poetry, science, art, and politics, and the ever-fascinating psychoanalysm. Members were limited to English Majors.

Other activities of the club included taking charge of the Elizabethan study, and buying additional books for its shelves.

Debating Council

First row: Kenny, English, Seago, Young
Second row: Austin, Furman, Taylor, Prichett

OFFICERS

Ennis Pease	*President*
Victor Furman	*Vice-President*
Herman Pritchett	*Secretary-Treasurer*
J. B. Austin	*Debate Manager*
W. E. Young	*Faculty Advisor*

One of the most interesting events of the year—interesting for the entire University as well as for those especially concerned—was the debate with Cambridge on the twenty-seventh of October. The question debated was "Resolved, that this house is opposed to the principle of prohibition." Millikin was represented by Robert Taylor, J. B. Austin, and Herman Pritchett, who defended the negative side.

The second inter-collegiate debate was with Bradley at Peoria. J. B. Austin and Victor Furman presented the affirmative of "Resolved, that the U. S. constitution should be amended in such a way as to give Congress the power to regulate labor." On the ninth of April Erwin Seago, Herman Pritchett, and Robert Taylor went to Wesleyan, debating the question, "Resolved, that the Eighteenth Amendment is the best possible solution of the liquor question."

The annual Brown Debate was held early in the year.

The affirmative won the team prize, and J. B. Austin, a Junior, the individual prize. Honorable mention was accorded Victor Furman and Erwin Seago.

Millikin Glee Club

First row: Witzeman, McClelland, Robb, Walters, Reading, Stewart, Nolan, Yonkers
Second row: Anderson, Stokes, Campbell, Body, Hart, Maynard, Abrams, Cotton
Third row: Haupt, English, Padgett, Provensen, Coe, Bruce, Plaisted

OFFICERS

Torrence Padgett ..... *President*
Robert Haupt ..... *Bus. Mgr. and Secretary*
Arthur Bruce ..... *Assistant Business Manager*
Bob Walter ..... *Librarian*

The annual Glee Club Contest in Chicago is always one of the most interesting events of the college year. This year Millikin had an especially large representation of students at the contest. We placed eighth out of fourteen colleges and universities; the Glee Club numbers were firmly given and effective.

Other concerts were presented in Springfield, in the High School Auditorium, twice in Westminster Church, once in the Grace Methodist Episcopal, and twice in Lincoln Square. The Glee Club offers pleasure to students and townspeople alike; it is one of the most attractive phases of Millikin activities.

Art Guild

First row: Valentine, Cox, Rucker, Shirk
Second row: Stokes, Woeller, Woodruff, Smith, Hornback, Smeot, Van Guilder
Third row: Eells, Brosseau, Conlon, Holbrook, Geen, Parkinson

OFFICERS

Rolande Brosseau	*President*
Mildred Eells	*Vice-President*
Bill Conlon	*Secretary*
Martha Holbrook	*Treasurer*

The Art Guild was organized at Millikin for the Art students, in order to create a greater interest in Art problems and to offer an opportunity to apply its principles in practical ways. It was first organized about Christmas, when the students presented a bazaar, selling articles they themselves made under the trade-mark, "The Blue Bowl." In February, Art Guild held a reception for Walter Sargeant of the University of Chicago, following his lecture in the auditorium.

After this, the organization was more firmly brought together for the purpose of becoming national. It has now petitioned Delta Phi Delta.

Le Cercle Francais

First row: Birks, Lyons, Redfern, Ash, Weber, Holben, Brotherton, Van Guilder
Second row: Watkins, Lyons, Harris, Porter, Jackson, Burke, Firth, Edgar, Brown, Birkett
Third row: Seago, Girton, Prichett, Ambrose, Hill, Ross, Kissell, Storm
Fourth row: Spenseley, Crawford, Redmore, Blackman, Marvel

OFFICERS

Herman Pritchett ..... *President*
Alice Ambrose, Miriam Moore ..... *Vice-Presidents*
Jane Girton ..... *Secretary*
Willard Hansen ..... *Treasurer*

The French Circle has met regularly on the third Tuesday of each month. Two of the meetings were "International Nights", the circle meeting the other classes of the Foreign Language Department. One of the meetings was held near Christmas and discussed Christmas customs; the other was given in the Conservatory of Music.

The French Club held Open night, "La Musée Grévin", on the fourth of May. It was a very clever reproduction of a museum in Paris, showing scenes from the Revolution, Jeanne d'Arc, and other famous French people and events. In connection with the museum there was a short play, "French as It Is Spoken", adapted from "Le Français tel qu'on le Parle", and a café.

Biology Club

First row: Fishback, Hill, E. Seago, LaPlante, Howe
Second row: Eddy, Harper, Baldwin, English, Hicks, Gotschall, Agersborg
Third row: Bell, Eickenberry, Brown, Richey, Dunbar, L. Seago

OFFICERS

Jennie E. Dunbar ..... *President*
Lois Seago ..... *Vice-President*
Charles Fishback ..... *Secretary*
James Richey ..... *Treasurer*

The Biology Club consists of students and the members of the Staff of the Department of Biology. To become a member a student must have attained an average of "B" in Biology and he must show a scientific attitude toward his work. The Biology Club as now organized holds a meeting the second Wednesday each month. The purpose of the club is to foster scholarship, and to cultivate interest in biological questions. Several prominent scientists addressed the club during the year; other speakers before the club were members of the department staff and students. In these discussions the regular topic of the meeting may be dispensed with in favor of a round table discussion on a different subject which may be of particular interest to any member of the group.

Students of the beginning biology class who have a scholastic standing of "A" and some of those who have a standing of "B" have been admitted to the Seminar. This is a diversion from the usual practice in college of giving extra help to the poor students at the expense of the gifted.

Pan Hellenic

First row: Denny, Traughber, Hartman, Ellis, Seago
Second row: Odor, Golden, Regan, Dewey

OFFICERS

Maurine Golden.....*President*
Dorothy Odor.....*Vice-President*
Bonnie Regan.....*Secretary*
Martha Dewey.....*Treasurer*

Pan Hellenic has made an experiment this year which marks a wide advance in sorority attitude—an advance for the majority of middle-western colleges as well as in Millikin. By the plan of deferred pledging Freshman girls are not pledged until the second semester after their matriculation in the University. The object of this change is to give both the new girls and the sororities a chance to really know each other, and to make their choice quietly and intelligently. Considering the year rather disinterestedly we would say that deferred pledging has been successful. It is of course impossible to judge the system by one year's experience alone; in four years we can more easily judge. But the entire University respects Pan Hellenic for the efficient and courageous way it has met the difficulties of the first year, and it is with sympathy and interest that we will watch their progress.

Home Economics Club

First row: Scott, Lape, Drysdale, Rogers, Laws, Troutman, Stiller, Wooley, Crawford
Second row: Kincaid, Sutton, Dake, Burke, Jackson, Williams, Honnold, Spellbring, Thompson, Swick
Third row: Holdaway, Edwards, Dewey, Engelder, Dunbar, Young, Redmore
Fourth row: Campbell, Weber, Metzger, Christner, King, Marvel, Hawver

OFFICERS

Mildred Redmore ..... *President*
Betty Stiller ..... *Vice-President*
Gertrude Rice ..... *Secretary*
Rachael Woolley ..... *Treasurer*

The purpose of the Home Economics Club is to increase interest in the domestic arts and to aid in the development of the Department. Meetings are planned in an attempt to carry out these aims.

The activities of the club were centered this year in the furnishing of a reading room for that department. It has purchased rugs, lamps, and drapes, and redecorated the walls and woodwork. The room will be similar to the Elizabethan Study.

The second annual spring style-show was given the fifth of March; it was both lovely and successful.

Aston Hall Student Council

First row: Laws, Crawford, Harris, Spenseley, Engelder, Batman, Valentine
Second row: Birkett, Geen, Dunbar, Metzger, Flug

For a number of years Aston Hall has been successfully governed by students living there. Members from each class and officers are chosen by popular election to represent the other students. By this representative method each girl shares in her own government. She knows the rules and knows the punishments for their violation. The Aston Hall Student Council creates a spirit of cooperation and a feeling of equality.

Lambda Phi Delta

First row: Woodruff, Lancaster, Traughber, Brosseau, Eells, Golden, Moore
Second row: Geen, Horton, Woeller, Engelder, Smith

Professional Fine-Arts Sorority
Founded at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, in 1917
Zeta Chapter installed at Millikin in May, 1923

Colors—Blue, Bronze, and Gold

Flowers—Ward Rose and Forget-me-not

OFFICERS

Margaret Lancaster	*President*
Mildred Price	*Vice-President*
Frances Woodruff	*Secretary*
Dorothy Smith	*Treasurer*
Mildred Eells	*Chaplain*
Amy Woller	*Historian*
Grace Moore	*Rushing Captain*
Marie Horton	*Sergeant-at-Arms*

Kappa Phi Kappa

First row: LaPlant, Hickish, Seligman, Barnes, Hicks, Pease
Second row: Baldwin, Millikin, Gregg, English, Lundgren, Douglas
Third row: Provensen, Searles, Welcome, Gallop, Young

Professional Educational Fraternity
Founded at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1912
Theta Chapter installed at Millikin, February 29, 1924

Colors—Green and White

Flower—White Carnation

MEMBERS ON FACULTY

Marthin Provensen
Miner Gallup
William Young
Samuel Eddy
Arthur Hahn

OFFICERS

Percy B. Welcome.....*President*
Robert Taylor.....*Vice-President*
Ennis Pease.....*Secretary*
Frank Gregg.....*Treasurer*

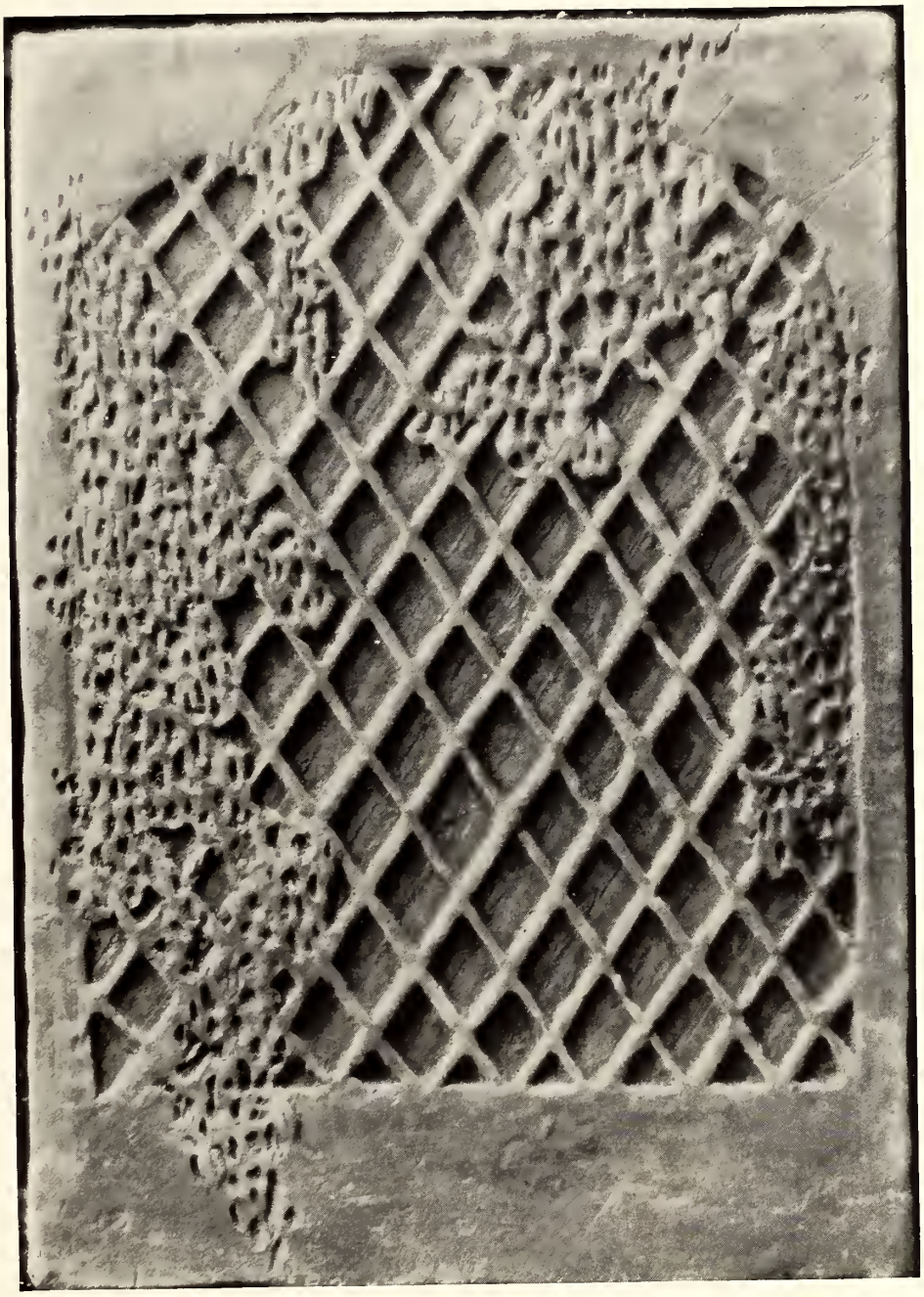
An Irish Song

I could have had him, Moira Malone,
Though it's welcome to him you be.
I could have had him long ago,
But it's little comfort to me.

Whenever he laid his dear dark head
Low upon my breast
'Twas the shadow of your presence
That would not let me rest.

And when he sang his gay brave song
Whose echo is all-dear
It was the haunting cry of your faith
That fell upon my ear.

I could have had him, Moira Malone,
Though it's welcome to him you be.
And now I cry through the glen alone. . .
Oh, it's bitter comfort to me!



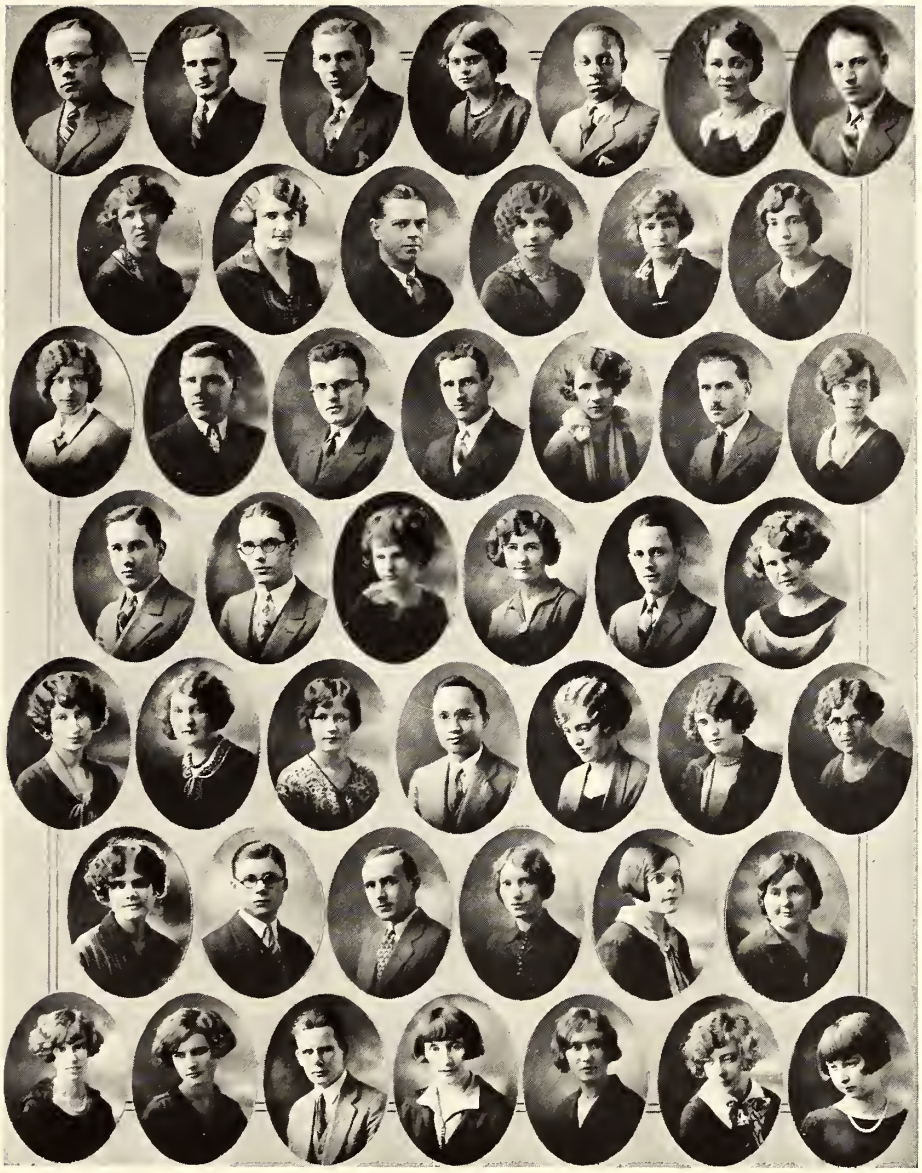
. . . And Silver . . .

The Junior Class

OFFICERS

Herman Pritchett	*President*
Bernice Mattes	*Vice-President*
Elizabeth Ellis	*Secretary*
J. B. Austin	*Treasurer*

While the third year of the class of 1927 has been characterized by no unusual activity, it has been a successful one. The class has been active in practically all fields of college work. The Junior Prom and the Junior tea, the two outstanding social events of the class, were both attractive and showed the planning of an able social committee. Individually, many Juniors have made enviable records in scholarship, athletics, debating, and other university activities. If predictions are of any value, the Senior class of next year should be an outstanding one.



Top row: Anderson, Austin, Barnes, Barnett, Baugh, Bell, Boger
Second row: Birkett, Campbell, Crain, Curry, Drinkwater, Edgar
Third row: Edwards, Engelder, English, Haupt, Hays, Hicks, H. Hill
Fourth row: T. Hill, Hood, Horton, Jackson, McClelland, Melton
Fifth row: H. Moore, M. Moore, Newman, Orquia, Patton, Post, Redmore
Sixth row: Regan, Richardson, Robb, Seago, Slater, Sidels
Bottom row: Smith, Trautman, Thompson, Valentine, Williams, Woodruff, Wooley

To One in Haste

Come back! Come back, Beloved!
That forward flower you chose
My garden's boldest rose
Is not my all.

Return, dear Love, and see
The columbine that grew,
A little fairy shoe
Against the wall.

Look deeper, Sweet, and find
The pale anemone
The purple fleur-de-lis
By silver streams.

Come back, Beloved! Return!
Or you will never know
What sweetness you did sow
Among my dreams.

The Class of 1926

Long serene shadows of ivy
Ever-lengthening over green-arched windows
You fling your shadow fingers
Over a processional of black-gowned Seniors
Moving, like solemn thoughts,
In the still half-light of Chapel.

* * * * *

And there is the promise of a shining sensitiveness
And there is the remote flickering of a high stern ideal;
Exaltation is not dead!
Nor dignity
Nor scholarship.

* * * * *

I hear them in the dark swirl of Senior robes.

DOROTHY OBOR
B.S. in Home Economics
DECATUR, ILL.

Zeta Tau Alpha; Student Council, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A., 1, 2, 3, 4 Cabinet, 3, 4; Home Economics Club; 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary, 3, 4; Gym Festival, 1, 2; Freshman Commission, 1.

MAURINE GOLDEN
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

Delta Delta Delta; Lambda Phi Delta; Pi Mu Theta; Vice-President Junior Class, 3; Vice-President Senior Class, 4; English Club, 3, 4; Hockey, 3, 4; All-Star Basketball, 2, 3; French Club, 2; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 3; 4; Track, 3, 4; Student Council, 2; Millidek Staff, 3; Homecoming Play, 2; Eureka College, 1.

CORWIN LEWIS
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

Tau Kappa Epsilon; Alpha Omega; President Senior class, 1; Millikin Press bureau, 4; Decaturian, 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council, 1; English club, 1, 2; Gushard Drama Prize, 2; Dramatic council, 2; J. M. U. ite, 4; Cheer leader, 2, 3, 4; French club, 2; Brownback Literature prize, 3; Business Manager Millidek, 3.

HUBERT A. DOUGLAS
A.B. in Liberal Arts
NEW HOLLAND, ILL.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Alpha Omega; Kappa Phi Kappa; Treasurer Student Council, 3; President, 4; Class President, 3; Football Team, 2, 3, 4; Basket ball team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 3; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Millikin "M" Club.

LUCILLE RYMAN
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

Delta Delta Delta; Class Officer, 1; English Club, 2, 3, 4; French Club, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1; Y. W. C. A., 1, 2; Girl's Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Millikin Singers, 4; Gymn Festival, 1, 2; Homecoming Play, 4; Oratorio, 1, 2; Homecoming Float Committee, 4.

LESLIE SELIGMAN
A.B. in Liberal Arts
TROY, ILL.
Delta Sigma Phi; Alpha Omega; Kappa Phi Kappa; Treasurer Senior Class, 4.

MABEL ASH
A.B. in Liberal Arts
HARRISTOWN, ILL.
Zeta Tau Alpha; English Club, 3, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2.

WAYNE ASH
B.S. in Commerce and Finance
HARRISTOWN, ILL.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Alpha Omega; Commerce Club, 2, 3, President, 4.

JOHN BALDWIN
A.B. in Liberal Arts
BRIDGEPORT, ILL.
Delta Sigma Phi; Varsity "M" Club; Football, 3, 4; Biology Club, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3.

GENEVA BENNETT
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Y. W. C. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2.

OLIVE R. BIGGS
A.B. in Liberal Arts
SAN JOSE, ILL.
English Club, 3, 4.

DENISE BROSSEAU
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Pi Beta Phi; Pi Mu Theta; Y. W. C. A., 1, 2, 3, 4. Cabinet, 4; French Club, 1, 2, 3, 4. President, 4; English Club, 2, 3, 4.

JOE CARP
A.B. in Liberal Arts
WESTVILLE, ILL.
Kappa Delta Chi; Football, 1, 2, 3; Captain, 4; M Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Baseball and Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4.

LESLIE CLARK
B.S. in Commerce and Finance
DECATUR, ILL.
Delta Sigma Phi; Commerce Club, 2, 3, 4; Y. M. C. A., 2.

STELLA MAE CHITTUM
B.M. in Music
SORENTO, ILL.
Glee Club 2; Soloist and Teacher's Diploma from the Conservatory.

SIDNEY B. COTTON
A.B. in Liberal Arts
WARRENSBURG, ILL.
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Men's Glee Club; Glee Singers.

PAUL CURRY
A.B. in Liberal Arts
LATHAM, ILL.

EVELYN DENNY
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Alpha Chi Omega; Pi Mu Theta; English Club, 3, 4; Girl's Glee Club, 2, 3; French Club, 1, 2; Biology Club, 4 Decaturian, 4; Pan-Hellenic, 4; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 2, 3, 4; Girls Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Hockey, 2; Y. W. C. A. Pageant, 3; Homecoming Play, 3; Woman's League Council, 4.

MARTHA DEWEY
B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts
NORTH MANCHESTER, IND.
Pi Beta Phi; Oxford College, 1; Art Guild, 1; Household Arts Club, 1, 2, 3. Biology Club, 3, 4.

JENNIE ELIZABETH DUNBAR
B.S. in Household Arts
CENTRALIA, ILL.
Household Arts Club, 2, 3, 4; Biology Club, 3, 4, President, 4; Aston Hall Student Council, 2-President 3, 4; Freshman Commission Y. W. C. A., 1; Basketball, 1, 2; Social Committee of Senior Class, 4; Invitation Committee of Senior Class, 4; Biology Department Prize, 3.

CATHERINE ENGELDER
B.S. in Household Arts
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Pi Beta Phi; Pi Mu Theta; Lambda Phi Delta; Gamma Epsilon Tau; Basketball, 1, 3, 4; Captain, 2; Hockey, 1, 2; Archery, 1, 2; Varsity Tennis Team; Household Arts Club; Chairman Senior Class Play; Women's Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4, President, 3; Millidek Staff, 3; Decaturian Staff, 2, 3, 4.

LOIS FLUG
A.B. in Liberal Arts
WENONA, ILL.

Delta Delta Delta; Gamma Epsilon Tau; Aston Hall Student Council, 1, 4; Biology Club, 3, 4; Girl's Glee Club, 2, 3.

CHARLES FIELDS
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

Kappa Delta Chi; Alpha Omega; Football, 1; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 3; Commerce Club; President "M" Club 2.

LOUISE ADELE GEEN
B.S. in Fine and Applied Arts
UTICA, ILL.

Lambda Phi Delta; Art Guild, 2, 4, President 3; Biology Club, 3; Aston Hall Student Government, 4; Freshman Commission Y. W. C. A., 1.

MABEL GOATLEY
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

McKendree College, 1; English Club, 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A., 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet, 1, 4; Eugenia M. Bacon Literature Prize, 3.

BERNICE GOTSCHALL
A.B. in Liberal Arts
FRANKLIN, ILL.
Alpha Chi Omega; Illinois Women's College, 1, 2, Biology Club, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3.

FRANK W. GREGG
A.B. in Liberal Arts
OMAHA, ILL.
Alpha Omega; Kappa Phi Kappa; Cumberland University, 1; Y. M. C. A. President, 4; Student Council, 4.

HENRY HALL
A.B. in Liberal Arts
LATHAM, ILL.
Band, 1, 2, 3, 4; Biology Club, 3, 4.

RUTH HAMMAN
B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Pi Beta Phi; Art Guild, 2, 3, 4; Illinois University, 1.

MILDRED HARPER
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Biology Club, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3.

MARGARET HORNBACK
A.B. in Liberal Arts
GREENVIEW, ILL.
Alpha Chi Omega; Homecoming Play, 1; Dramatic Club, 1, 2; Girl's Glee Club, 1; Art Guild, 1, 2, 3, 4; Sophomore Soccer Team, Captain, 2; English Club, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 2, 3; Invitation Committee, 4; Girl's Athletic Association.

HELEN HOLDAWAY
B.S. in Household Arts
SPARTA, ILL.
Delta Delta Delta; Y. W. C. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Household Arts, 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Glee Club, 2, 3.

JOSEPH HOWELLS
B.S. in Commerce and Finance
DECATUR, ILL.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Wabash College, 2, 3; Commerce Club, 3, 4; Senior Social Committee, 4; Float Committee, 3.

KARLENE HUGHEY
B.S. in Fine and Applied Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Theta Gamma; Y. W. C. A., 1, 2, 3; Art Guild, 1, 2, 3.

MARY ANNETTE HUMPHREY
B.S. in Household Arts
LE ROY, ILL.
Pi Beta Phi; French Club, 4; Pan-Hellenic, 4.

VIOLA SWIRE HUSBAND
B.S. in Commerce and Finance
CHICAGO, ILL.

Theta Gamma; Gamma Epsilon Tau; Y. W. C. A., 1, 2, 3; President, 4; French Club, 2, 3; English Club, 3; Commerce Club, 2, 3, 4; Publications Board, 3, 4; A. M. Kenney Sophomore prize in commerce; Junior prize in commerce.

CHARLES KEITH
B.S. in Commerce and Finance
RIVARD, ILL.

Delta Sigma Phi; Football, 1, 2; Commerce Club, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3; Varsity "M" Club.

ROGER LAPLANTE
A.B. in Liberal Arts
BRIDGEPORT, ILL.

Delta Sigma Phi; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Biology Club, 3, 4; Band, 2, 3; Intramural Track, 2, 3, 4.

HAROLD V. LUNDGREN
B.S. in Commerce and Finance
MC NABB, ILL.

Tau Kappa Epsilon; Kappa Phi Kappa; Commerce Club, 3, 4; Baseball, 1; Inter-Fraternity Basketball Champions, 3.

MARJORIE HELEN MADDOX
B.M. in Music
BEASON, ILL.

Sigma Alpha Iota; Glee Club, 2, 3; Y. W. Cabinet, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; French Club, 4; Certificate in Piano as Soloist, 2; Certificate in Piano as Teacher, 3; Supervisor's Certificate in Public School Music, 3.

ADELIA CAROLYN METZGER
A.B. in Liberal Arts
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

English Club, 2, 3, 4; Della P. Cushard Prize, 3; Aston Hall Student Council, 2, 3, 4; Women's Athletic League, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 4; Pan Hellenic Banquet, 2; Decaturian, 3; Invitation Committee of Senior Class, 4; Women's Self Government Association, 4.

REX MALONE MILLIKIN
A.B. in Liberal Arts
CAYUGA, IND.

Kappa Delta Chi; Kappa Phi Kappa; Varsity "M" Club; Football, 1, 2; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3; Captain, 4.

MARGARET PROCTOR PARKINSON
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

Alpha Chi Omega; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; All-Star team, 1; Soccer, 2; Art Guild, 3, 4; Home Economics club, 1; French club, 1, 2; Decaturian, 1, 2, 3, 4; Millidek, 3; Y. W. C. A., 1, 2, 3, 4.

W. TORRANCE PADGETT
A.B. in Liberal Arts
EVANSVILLE, IND.

Tau Kappa Epsilon; Alpha Omega; Homecoming Play, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Dramatic Council, 3, 4; Gym Festival, 1, 2; Treasurer Junior Class, 3; McDavid Prize Speaking contest, 1.

ENNIS PEASE
A.B. in Liberal Arts
WARRENSBURG, ILL.

Alpha Omega; Kappa Phi Kappa; Debate, 3; Debating Council, 3, President 4; English Club, 2, 3.

OLIVE RICE
B.S. in Home Economics
DECATUR, ILL.
Depauw, 1, 2; Home Economics Club, 3, 4, Secretary, 4; Biology Club, 3; Spanish Club, 3.

RUSSELL SHIREY
B.S. in Commerce and Finance
DECATUR, ILL.
Tau Kappa Epsilon, Inter-Fraternity Basketball Champions, 3; Commerce Club, 3, 4; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 3, 4.

GEORGE SHORT
B.S. in Commerce and Finance
GRANITE CITY, ILL.
Delta Sigma Phi, Spanish Club, 2, 3; Commerce Club 3, 4, Junior Prom. Committee, 3; Senior Ball Committee, 4.

ROBERT SINK
B.S. in Commerce and Finance
DECATUR, ILL.
Tau Kappa Epsilon; Decaturian Staff, 2, 3; Millidek staff, 3; Commerce Club, 3, 4.

INEZ SPELBRING
B.S. in Household Arts
WESTFIELD, ILL.
Home Economics Club, 3, 4, French Club, 2.

BETTY STILLER
B.S. in Household Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Home Economics Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4; Biology Club, 2; Pan-Hellenic Banquet, 3; Home Economics Club, 3, 4.

DE WITT TAGGART
B.S. in Manual Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Intramural Basketball, 1, 2; Gym Festival, 1, 2; Tumbling Team, 1, 2; Math Club 2; Class Track 1; Class Baseball, 1.

ROBERT T. TAYLOR
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Delta Sigma Phi; Kappa Phi Kappa; Alpha Omega; President Debating Council, 2, 3; Debating, Council, 2, 3, 4; Debating, 2, 3, 4; Student Council, 3; Dramatic Club, 1; English Club, 2; Decaturian Editor, 1; Winner Brown Debate, 2; Vice-President Illinois College Press Association, 4.

RUTH TRAUCHEER
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Theta Gamma; Lambda Phi Delta; Pi Mu Theta; Decaturian Staff, 2, 3, 4; Millidek Editor, 3; English Club, 2, 3, President 4; French Club, 2; Women's Self Government League, 4; Pan Hellenic Banquet, 3; Pi Mu Theta Scholorship, 2; J. M. U. ite, 4.

RAYEN TAYLOR
A.B. in Liberal Arts
DECATUR, ILL.
Mathematics Club, 2, 3, 4.

WILLIAM D. VERNER
B.S. in Manual Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

Tau Kappa Epsilon; Alpha Omega; Kappa Phi Kappa; Glee club, 2, 3, 4; Fine Arts Guild; Ass't. Manager Football team, 3; Senior play, 3. Track, 2, 3; Stage Manager Homecoming play, 4.

EUGENE WILSON
A.B. in Liberal Arts
HAVANA, ILL.

Tau Kappa Epsilon; English Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Homecoming play, 4; Band, 1, 2, 3, 4.

PERCY B. WELCOME
B.S. in Manual Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

Kappa Delta Chi; Kappa Phi Kappa; Alpha Omega; Football, 1, 2; Basketball, 1; Varsity "M" Club.

WILLIAM WALTER CONLON
B.S. in Fine and Applied Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Alpha Omega; Art Guild, 1, 2, 3, 4; Minnie Bachman Mueller art Prize, 1; French Club, 2; Armistice Float Committee, 1, 4; Christmas Vespers, 1, 2, 4; Millidek Staff, 3, 4.

MARTHA C. HOLBROOK
B.S. in Fine and Applied Arts
DECATUR, ILL.

Alpha Chi Omega; Art Guild, 4; English Club, 3; Y. W. C. A., 1, 2, 3, 4.

JOHN F. MILLER
Pre Medics
DECATUR, ILL.

Tau Kappa Epsilon; Alpha Omega; Gamma Epsilon Tau; Millidek, 3; Decaturian, 1, 2, 3, 4; Millikin Press Bureau, 4; English Club, 2, 3. Homecoming play committee, 2, 3; Biology club, 2.

RAY MYERS
B.S. in Manual Arts
ALTON, ILL.

Kappa Delta Chi; Football, 1, 2; Student Manager, 3; Millikin "M" Club, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Class Ball, Track, 1.

ERWIN CHARLES SEAGO
A.B. in Liberal Arts
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Kappa Delta Chi; Alpha Omega; Business Manager Decaturian, 3, Staff, 4; Athletic Board of Control, 2, 3, 4; Senior Chapel Committee, 4; Basketball, 1; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Biology Club, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Y. M. C. A.; Brown Debate, 3; J. M. U. Ite, 4; Glee Club, 1.

Kappa Roll

MILLIKIN'S HIGH HONOR SOCIETY

CLASS 1907

Jessie Lichtenberger
Irene Handlin Duerr
Jessie L. Ferguson
Ida Diller Record

CLASS 1908

Bonnie R. Blackburn

CLASS 1909

Lucille Bragg
Alice Dempsey Hamilton
Gary Hudson
Benjamin Lehenbauer
Ruth Stevens Rothacher

CLASS 1911

Viola Bell
Mary Carroll
Alice Henderson
Ellis Hudson

CLASS 1912

Edgar Allen
Lois Browne
Jesse Conel
Lottie Cook
Corrinne Holcomb
Anna New Gibson
Fern Parr Wilkin
Roger Young

CLASS 1913

Jessie Ayers
Esther Lou Bergen
Laura Kriege Lewis
Effie Morgan Diecker
Mary Prestley
Maude Yarnell Burchell

CLASS 1914

Faye Lynton Fisher
William F. Henderson
Sophia Drobisch
Anna Milligan
Lorin King (deceased)

CLASS 1915

Ruth Lewman
Martha McIntosh
Irva Shaw Gray (deceased)
Clyde Hart

CLASS 1916

Louise Bradford
William Casey
Leah Fullenwider
Mary Kassenbaum Smashy
Ada Ross

CLASS 1917

Elinor Mills
Charles Lee
Margaret Honeywell Miller

CLASS 1918

Henrietta Graybill
Margaret Cloyd

CLASS 1919

Elizabeth Knight
Lorena Gordon
Mary Barrows Lee
Gertrude Guller Mace

CLASS 1920

Geneva Gregory
Catherine Milligan Smith
Halvor Leek
Erna Lohrmann

CLASS 1921

Hubert Robertson
Mildred Wiley
Helen Machan
Edna Rybolt Bopp
Adele Shelah Whitfield

CLASS 1922

Camille Barnett Powers
Lois Engleman
Josephine Harris
Charles Mills
George Proctor
Lita Randall
Maurita Shafer Proctor
Louise Vent

CLASS 1923

Ida Baker
Helen Ingersoll
Helen Regan Sleeter
Bernice Torman
T. Dale Yoder
Margaret Hessler

CLASS 1924

Samuel Eddy
Idelia Davis Baumgarten
Twila Miller
Oskar Kubitz
Helen Richardson
Bernice Deetz
Edith Parker
Ralph Jones
Thelma Scott

CLASS 1925

Consuelo Elizabeth Cummins
Lola Tucker
Rachel Irwin
Phyllis Margaret Valentine
Edwin Sheen

Pi Mu Theta

R. Brosseau
Golden

Traughber

Denny
Engelder

Alpha Omega

Ash
Douglas
Miller
Seligman
Seago
Fields
Padgett
Taylor
Gregg
Pease
Conlon
Lewis
Baldwin
Welcome

J
M
Uiter

Student Council

First row: Bear, Gregg, Prichett, Hansen, Taylor, Jones
Second row: Lancaster, Seago, Flint, Pergrem, Clark
Third row: Richey, Odor, Douglas, Hartman, Lewis, Curry

OFFICERS

Hubert Douglas ..... *President*
Dorothy Odor ..... *Vice-President*
Elizabeth Hartmann ..... *Secretary*
James Richey ..... *Treasurer*

The Student Council is a rather mysteriously-powerful organization; it works so quietly and unobtrusively that one is hardly conscious of its existence. And yet—the green caps remained in sight through long months, the Homecoming Dance moved smoothly and successfully to its completion, the Centennial Exhibition invited High School pupils and presented a dance Saturday night—all accomplished so quietly and easily that one forgot there was any external management at all.

It would be hard to say how many of our college affairs or problems are silently directed by the Student Council.

The Decaturian

First row: Hansen, Hood, Miller, VanZandt, Thompson, Engelder
Second row: Weld, McClelland, Denny, Taylor, Lewis, Ambrose, Robb
Third row: Prichett, Bear, Rickarts, Austin

Robert Taylor ..... *Editor*
Royal McClelland ..... *Business Manager*

To put out an eight page paper on scheduled time, to divide it into definite departments and let each head do his own work, and to produce a tolerant liberal viewpoint in regard to University problems has been the policy of the 1926 Decaturian. New departments have been formed, such as Corky's Column, which has done away with much of the heaviness of the editorial page, and Sport Sawdust by Willard Hansen, a signed sport column. These are more or less a departure from the usual College paper. The editorials are short, to the point, and easy to read; many of them have been feature articles about Millikin itself.

The Decaturian has been out on time each week with only one exception.

Millidek of 1927

First row: Moore, Hansen, Brosseau, Hood, Clark, Conlon
Second row: Prichett, Regan, Coffee, Redmore, Witzeman

STAFF MEMBERS

Joyce Coffee.....*Editor*
Herman Pritchett.....*Asst. Editor*
William Conlon, Rolande Brosseau.....*Art Editors*
Esther Barnett.....*Literary*
Talbot Hood.....*Editorials*
Everett Witzeman.....*Bus. Manager*
Bonnie Regan.....*Organizations*
Harriet Moore.....*Satire*
Henrietta Clark.....*Conservatory*
Willard Hansen.....*Men's Athletics*
Mildred Redmore.....*Women's Athletics*

Only a few of those who give time and thought to putting out a College Annual can be represented in the official staff. To all the others . . . those of the faculty who have given advice and sympathy, the students who have given both actual assistance and interest, the business firms who have cooperated with us . . . to everyone, in fact, who has helped in the publication, we offer our sincere appreciation.

This year the Millidek staff owes especial recognition to Mildred Eells for her persistent and effective help with the Art Work. Her sketches, cartoons, printing, and tie-ups have added much to the attractiveness of the Millidek pages. To Elmer VanGuilder also, both for his designing and his work with the kodak, we are especially indebted.

Y. W. C. A.

First row: Scurlock, Lancaster, Metzger, Maddox, Brosseau
Second row: Odor, Smith, Husband, Seago, Denny
Third row: Stone, Goatley, Regan

OFFICERS

Viola Husband	*President*
Lois Seago	*Vice-President*
Dorothy Odor	*Secretary*
Virginia Smith	*Treasurer*
Rachel Stone	*Undergraduate Representative*

This year the Y. W. C. A. has been meeting regularly on Thursday afternoons at 3:30 for an hour's discussion. These meetings were directed by the different classes, by outside speakers, or by an upper-classman; sometimes they were given over to musical programs. Topics of especial interest on Millikin campus have been discussed in the meetings, such as the efficacy and value of the Honor System.

The annual Y. W. week, including the adoption of little sisters, the walkout, the banquet, and the reception, seemed more than usually successful this year.

Fraternities
At James Millikin University

Alpha Chi Omega
Delta Delta Delta
Pi Beta Phi
Sigma Alpha Iota
Theta Gamma
Zeta Tau Alpha
Delta Sigma Phi
Kappa Delta Chi
Sigma Alpha Epsilon
Tau Kappa Epsilon

Alpha Chi Omega

Founded at DePauw University, 1885
Upsilon Chapter installed at James Millikin University, 1913

Colors—Scarlet and Olive Green

Flower—Red Carnation

Faculty Adviser—Davida McCaslin

MEMBERS ON FACULTY

Miss Flora Ross
Miss Fay Fisher

PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mueller
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Prentice
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Nicholson
Mr. and Mrs. Guy P. Lewis
Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Collins
Miss Eugenia Allin

PLEDGES

Mary Ann Hetherington
Anna Mary Kincaid
Marian Pease
Zola Brundage
Loretta Foran
Pauline Scott
Elsa Schulte
Margaret Humphrey

Evelyn Denny
Margaret Parkinson
Bernice Goinghall
Martha Holbrook
Bonnie Regan
Helen Hays
Mildred Redmore
Una Brown
India Guthrie

President - - - - - - Bonnie Regan
Vice President - - - Evelyn Denny
Secretary - - - - - Martha Holbrook
Treasurer - - - - - Helen Phillips

Margarie Coutant
Jane Pluck
Dorothy Mae White
Elta Eilers
Virginia Smith
Dorothy Boyer
Josephine Hueman
Helen Phillips

Delta Delta Delta

Founded in Boston, Thanksgiving Eve, 1888
Delta Upsilon Chapter installed at James Millikin University, 1912

Colors—Silver, Gold, and Blue

Flower—Pansy

Faculty Adviser—Professor Raab

MEMBERS ON FACULTY

Davida McCaslin
Bonnie Blackburn

PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Essick
Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Evans
Mr. and Mrs. Smith Walker
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Huntington
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Frank Elizabeth Dake
Nannette Guest
Evelyn Ireland
Louise James
Crete Kearney
Lina Lindsay
Frances McClelland
Mary Patton
Mary Louise Porter
Muriel Stanley
Louise Stonecipher
Pauline Sutton
Mary Thompson
Maxine Trimble
Nigel Williams
Florence Behrends

CATHERINE ADKINS
MARGARET BAILEY
AMELIA DOHM
ELIZABETH ELLIS
LOIS FLUG
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MARGARET SMOOT
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ESTHER WAKEFIELD
FRANCES FLINT
FLORENCE BEHRENDS
MILDRED BURKE

Pi Beta Phi

Founded at Monmouth College, 1867
Illinois Eta Chapter installed at the James Millikin University, March 29, 1912

Colors—Wine and Silver Blue

Flower—Wine Carnation

Faculty Adviser—Mr. L. B. Henderson

Member on Faculty—Miss Jessie Lockett

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Jane Dale
Esther Engelder
Vesta Harper
Jane Girton
Laurine Hucke
Emily McDavid
Magdaline Mitchell
Helen Moffett
Eleanor Nelch
Grace Spensely
Erma Young

BERNICE BEKOFN
DENISE BROSSEAU
ROLANDE BROSSEAU
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MARTHA HOTT
LOIS HOOD
MARY ANNETTE HUMPHREY
GENEVIEVE MAUTZ
MIRIAM MOORE
LOIS SEAGO
BARBARA WATKINS

Sigma Alpha Iota

Founded at the University School of Music at Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1903
Mu Chapter installed at the James Millikin University, 1917

Colors—Crimson and White

Flower—Red Rose

Adviser—Miner Walden Gallup

MEMBERS ON FACULTY

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Doris Gillespie
Louise Helmick
Helen Russell Hill
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Edna Pergrem
Jane Pickrell
Doris Schimmer
Marie Cline
Helen Ramsey
Mrs. Roy Cope
Helen Harris
Lenore Hoffman
Edna McDonald

Theta Gamma

Founded at the James Millikin University March 27, 1921

Colors—Orchid, White, and Gold
Flower—Lily of the Valley
Faculty Adviser—Bonnie Blackburn
Member on Faculty—Frances Mount

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Mable Tellkamp
Eldora Griffith
Florence Stone

Vivian Haggard
Karlene Hughey
Marie Horton
Viola Melton
Ruth Traughber
Martha Troutman
Ruth Slater
Joyce Coffee
Harriet Moore
Ora Edgar

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Treasurer - - - - - - Ora Edgar

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Mildred Fells
Helen Helmick
Louise Lyons
Rachel Stone
Ernestine Beatty
Viola Husband
Grace Moore
Elizabeth Hartman
Helen Scurlock

Zeta Tau Alpha

Founded at Virginia State Normal, October 25, 1898
Tau Chapter installed at James Millikin University, 1912

Colors—Turquoise Blue and Gray

Flower—White Violet

Faculty Adviser—Eugenia Allin

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Beulah Kniple
Eugenia Allin
Fern Kaufman Springer

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Bernice Metzger
Agnes Minges
Verna Marvel
Mabel Ash
Bernice Mattes
Helen Harver
Ione Scott

Delta Sigma Phi

Founded at the College of the City of New York, 1899
Alpha Lambda Chapter installed at James Millikin University,
April 16, 1921

Colors—Green and White

Flower—White Carnation

Faculty Adviser—Dr. Searles

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Harold Dresback
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Bernard Gallion
Joseph Hippensteel
Edwin Hickish
Glenn Jones
Randal Jones
Charles Keith
Roger LaPlante
Geoffrey Moore
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George Short
Leslie Seligman
Robert Taylor
Theodore Taylor

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Harlan Walley
Leo Malosh
John Belt
Cyril Bopp
Thobal Gaskins
Arthur Habekost
Russell Hale
Walter Jump
Ralph Logan
Clarence Miller
Lindel Pankey
Nelson Pankey
Gustave Schmidt
Harry Taylor
Frances Kennedy
Wilbur Wilson

Kappa Delta Chi

Founded at the James Millikin University, 1904

Colors—Orange and Blue
Flower—Pink Carnation
Faculty Adviser—W. E. Young

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Ray Myers
Erwin Seago
Percy Welcome
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Max Dakin
Joe Reading
Art Long
James Richey
John Anderson
Royal McClelland
Merril DeBaum
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Marion Pierce
Charles Bostic
Joe Lukas
William Wherry
Clyde Duncan
Frank Campbell
Dan Lutz
Robert Miller
Shelby Clark
Wayne Body
Fred Kaiser
Charles Greenup
Laird Folrath

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Founded at the University of Alabama, March 9, 1856
Illinois Delta Chapter installed at James Millikin University, 1911

Colors—Purple and Gold

Flower—Violet

Faculty Adviser—Prof. Nordlie

MEMBERS ON FACULTY

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William Bishop
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Eugene Abrams
Eugene Auth
Clarence Flint
Harold McClain
James Springer
Seth Stoner
Sheridan Stokes
Joseph Thompson
Raymond Fancher
Keith Talbott
Ray Kaler
Albert Hattie
Howard Stephany

Tau Kappa Epsilon

Founded at Illinois Wesleyan University, January 10, 1899
Beta Chapter installed at James Millikin University, 1909

Colors—Cherry and Gray

Flower—Red Carnation

Faculty Adviser—Prof. A. T. Mills

MEMBERS ON FACULTY

Samuel Eddy

Carl I. Head

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Eugene Wilson
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Talbot Hood
Merrimam Van Zandt
Churchill Boger

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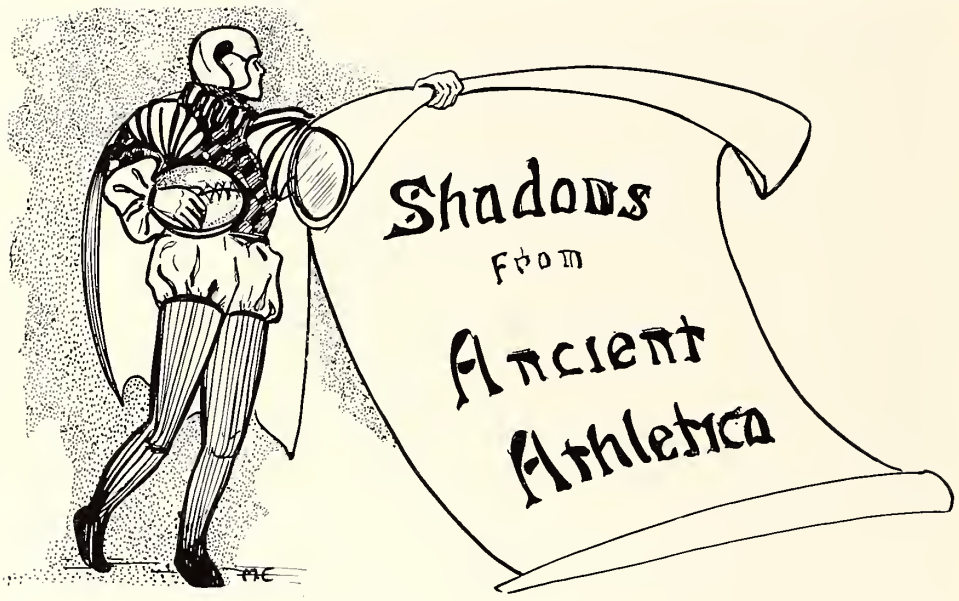
Paul Thomas
Calvin Long
Ora Gerkin
Edgar Clemow
Roy McCartney
William Martin
Earl Hudson
Franklin Bear
Jack Earl
Glen Hastings
Clifford Stiegemier
Guy Thompson
John McClure
Russell Golightly
Robert Valentine



The Arena was long and green-gold and elegant; as long in fact as fifty of the mighty strides of the greatest god, and as green-and-amber as the loveliest feather of the Sacred-Peacock. The air through the whole golden length whirled in small ever-reversing pools shaken from the slow red silk fans of the women.

But the Emperor would neither rest elegantly among his metal draperies, nor speak charmingly to the stately ladies about him. Instead, he stalked among his court very haughtily, munching O'Henrys and Peanut Clusters. The truth was, the Emperor was bored. For thirty-nine years he had sat in this green-gold Arena, once every day of the calendar and twice on the great god's birthday.

And every day a gladiator had saluted him and offered him green-gold shoestrings and then been eaten by the tigers. Twice the gladiators had won, but neither of them had eaten the tigers. It was all so safe and modern and ordinary—not at all as it was when the Emperor's father——

Trumpets flared into green-gold shafts of sound, and the gates swung back . . . the golden gladiator flung, not the silver-tasseled shoestrings at the Emperor's feet, but a huge ball made of brown leather. ("Not as other gladiators!" murmured the Emperor.) Making a vast bow to the court, he began eloquently:

"Your Highness, all this is boring you. There is nothing dashing, nothing mighty, about this—either the tiger will kill me or I shall kill the tiger—small matter! But I have heard rumors of a struggle worthy of being staged; a struggle that is now extinct. It was called, in an ancient and strange tongue, 'Football'."

First row: Kirkam, Zalenas, Clark, Campbell, Springer, Johnson, Renshaw, Chizevsky, Pierce, DeBaum, Luckas
Second row: Wilson, Fields, Richey, Douglas, Poscover, Jones, Moore, Bokoski, Donovon
Third row: Kish, Malone, Burt, Flint, Capt. Carp, Body, Adkins, Arnold McCartney
Fourth row: Crain, Bostic, Bishop, Griffith, Darkin, Hinton, Stiegemeier, Hastings, Fancher

'I know, I know," the Emperor sighed. "If only we had not lost the records! —Those days were the real—"

The gladiator leaned forward, staring steadily at the Emperor's nose. The red silk fans of the women slipped over their flaring dresses to the marble floor—

"I have those records!" he said.

* * *

And I, as court scribe, have herein printed them, in all their quaint and majestic language, with several ancient pictures of the probably mythical heroes. The manuscript begins like this:—

"It's not the individual,
Nor the army as a whole,
But th' everlastin' teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul."

—KIPLING.

Millikin's football eleven of 1925 raced through a very satisfactory season of gridiron activities to a technical tie for the Little Nineteen conference championship, winning five, tying one, and losing no conference games.

The conference games included victories over Illinois State Normal, Illinois Wesleyan, Augustana, St. Viator, and Charleston Normal. Illinois College of Jacksonville held the Blue to a 2-2 tie. Competition against non-conference foes resulted in one victory and one defeat. In the second game of the season Millikin lost to Loyola University 12-0, the Blue holding Loyola to a scoreless tie the first two periods. The J. M. U. warriors took revenge on the only other non-conference team played, easily defeating Indiana State Normal.

Coaches Leo and Fuzzy were particularly fortunate in the abundance of veteran material for the organization of last fall's team. Captain Joe Carp, John Baldwin, Hubert Douglas, and Jim Richey, four regulars from the 1924 varsity, formed the nucleus of the Blue line. Ivan Patterson, Howard Adkins, and Ezra Malone, who all saw service the year before, helped, together with several husky freshmen, fill the gaps for the 1925 line. Clarence Flint, Harry Poscover, John Bokoski, and Glenn Burt, first year athletes of promising ability, saw a lot of service. Biff Long and Frank Chizevsky, two other freshmen, were capable substitutes at the wing posts. Clifford Stiegemeier, a 1924 regular halfback, was shifted to an end position.

There is little need to mention the abilities of Carp, Douglas, Baldwin, and Richey. Captain Joe has been for three consecutive years an All-conference tackle selection. Carp is an indomitable fighter and a deadly tackler. Bunk Douglas, an All-conference end in 1924, played his last year of competition in brilliant fashion. Jim Richey alternated at guard and end and was always in the game, while Baldwin, a guard of considerable weight and size, amazed fans with his uncanny speed. One word describes the backfield—veteran. Glenn Hastings, Al Kish, Max Darkin, and Bill Bishop had all seen regular service in Blue uniforms, and they will all be back in the fold for next year's gridiron campaign. The entire outfit played good football on the 1925 team, despite the fact that slippery turf and oozy gridirons handicapped them greatly. Two freshmen backs, Scotty Hinton and Charley Bostic, gave good accounts of themselves Captain Carp, Douglas, and Baldwin are lost this year through graduation. Nevertheless indications point toward a great 1926 eleven.

Millikin opened the season on J. M. U. field October 8, with a scant 3-0 victory over Illinois State Normal. Kish's field goal in the second quarter proved to be the deciding factor of the game. A slippery gridiron slowed the team play of both elevens considerably. The elusive Bostic proved the Blue's best ground gainer. The following Saturday Millikin was defeated at Loyola University, 12-0. Hastings' thirty-yard run and the defensive work of Carp featured. Bishop's punts averaged close to fifty yards.

The annual classis with Illinois Wesleyan ended in a 6-6 tie in the year's feature game on the Millikin field. The Blue was forced to be satisfied with a tie, although they out-played the Methodists throughout the struggle. Severe penalties prevented more Blue touchdowns. Max Darkin grabbed the oval on the initial kick-off and sped off on a 90-yard run, the forerunner of Millikin's score. Wesleyan's six points were the result of an aerial attack, Arends crossing the goal line after snatching a fifteen-yard pass from Taylor. Baldwin, Carp, and Flint shared honors in their line play.

The first signs of an offensive drive were shown to fans in a 13-0 win over Indiana State Normal in a home contest. Kish and Bostic tore off gain after gain, and Bishop, transformed into a quarterback, led the eleven. The next week our eleven tried in vain for swimming honors, and emerged from the Jacksonville natatorium with an unsatisfactory 2-2 tie. The entire aspect of the game resembled water basketball. Captain

Carp
Johnson
Sutherd
Hinton
Baldwin
Bostic
Darkin
Patterson
Malone
Flint
Douglas

Carp's diving for enemy legs resulted in some proficient tackling. Charley Bostic and Cusic of Illinois engaged in a punting duel throughout the game—rather, throughout the swimming meet.

November 14 the Blue unleashed a furious offensive attack to swamp Augustana, 20-7, in a game played at Rock Island. Glenn Hastings, for the first time in the season having the advantage of a dry gridiron, made up for lost time in a wonderful exhibition of open field running.

The most sensational battle of the season was played against the Irish of St. Viator on J. M. U. field. Millikin turned a seeming defeat into a 3-0 win, by means of Kish's twenty-five yard place kick during the last period. The Blue was out-played for the first three quarters of the game, but opened up with a desperate and brilliant aerial attack in the last period which placed the oval in scoring position.

A Turkey-Day morning contest with Charleston Normal marked the final game on Millikin's 1925 football chart. The game also marked the last appearance of Douglas, Baldwin, and Carp in Blue football togs. Incidentally, Millikin won, 21-3.

"That's all—there ain't no more." Millikin finished the season with five conference victories and no defeats. The 6-6 tie game with Wesleyan was later forfeited to J. M. U. because of the ineligibility of a Methodist player used in the contest.

HOW THEY LINE UP

Douglas—"The END of my intercollegiate football career."
Carp—"I'll TACKLE anything—even Hebrew history."
Poscover—"I must GUARD my pretty nose!"
Patterson—"People CENTER around me."
Baldwin—"I GUARD against over-eating like hello!"
Flint—"I wish I could TACKLE an active."
Stiegemeier—"Shucks—is that the END of the game?"
Bishop—"It's less than a QUARTER of a mile to the Pi Phi house."
Hastings—"I'm just HALF as big as those guys, but watch me hit 'em!"
Darkin—"I'll dash HALF way to Westville with this old pigskin."
Hinton—"I don't stay FULL all the time—maybe!"
Richey—"The END isn't the finish for me."
Malone—"I'm about ready to TACKLE matrimony!"
Bokoski—"A porker is GUARD of its own weight."
Burt—"Determination is a GUARD against disaster."
Adkins—"Objects pivot on small CENTERS."
Kish—"Nothing HALF-way about me."
Bostic—"I'm still driving through for another HALF yard!"

Bishop
Burt
Bokoski
Poscover
Crain - Lachemeyer
Adkins
"Stiggy"
Richey
Hastings

Basketball

First row: Bokoski, Darkin, Hudson, Bostic, Zalenas
Second row: C. Long, A. Long, Capt. Bishop, Millikin, Walley

Coach Leo Johnson's 1926 basketball team finished a hard schedule of sixteen games with a Little 19 conference average of .636 and a .531 standing in the C. I. A. C.

They did not lose to a single conference foe on the home floor, and no team could boast of more than one victory over the Blue. Games were dropped to Eureka, Knox, Bradley, and Wesleyan on foreign floors, and Millikin's conference contests included wins over Wesleyan, Eureka, and Bradley, with double victories over St. Viator and Illinois College. In one of the best non-conference tilts the Blue won over the Marquette University five of Milwaukee, 28-15.

Three members of the 1925 quintet, Rex Millikin, Bill Bishop, and Art Long, formed the nucleus of this season's five. Rex, three years an all-conference forward and high scorer this year, played his usual aggressive offensive play after a slow start during the first few contests. Art Long commenced play with a deadly eye for the basket, and early in the season earned the name of "seven-shot" Art. Captain Bill Bishop, a hard-fighting player of two years' experience, played regularly in the floor guard position. Harlan Walley, a member of the 1923 and 1924 squads, usually started at the center post, and in the final games with Wesleyan and Bradley showed some good basketball. Calvin "Biff" Long, a freshman and former Clinton high star, filled the backguard position, left vacant by the stellar Carl Rauckmann, in a most capable manner. Long's ability to take the ball off the backboard for a passout was easily the superior of any back guard in the conference.

Johnny Zalenas, a sophomore, and the fastest man on the squad, broke into nearly all of the games, playing guard and forward with equal ability. Bunk Douglas, Bill Kinsey, and Charley Bostic completed the squad. Porky Bokoski, who left school at the end of the first semester, featured in several of the early games at guard.

THE SEASON'S GAMES

Millikin's cage season opened the day before the holiday vacation, when the Sparks Business College five was defeated 72-18. Rex led the scoring with eight field goals and three free tosses. Douglas, Art Long, Zalenas, and Walley each contributed more than ten points in the free scoring tilt. The Seconds lost to the Millikin reserves in another runaway for the Blue, 56 to 16. The supposed old and decrepit alumni stars donned basketball togs on Wednesday evening, December 30, and surprised the varsity and Millikin fans with a brilliant exhibition, only losing in a late second half rally which gave the varsity a seven point advantage and 34-27 win. Lack of oxygen and training on the part of the oldtimers saved the day for Leo's varsity.

Cornell College caught the Blue on an off-night and walked away with a 31-22 win, which did more good than harm, demonstrating to the boys that they could be beaten. "Mary" Long and Walley seemed to be the only Millikin athletes able to connect. The Blue opened the conference season by winning 30-21 over the Irish five of St. Viator. Marquette started a long road trip in bad fashion by dropping a 28-18 game to Millikin on J. M. U. floor in one of the season's most interesting contests. The Milwaukeans, a worthy aggregation, were swept off their feet in the second half by a Blue quintet that played one of its best games.

The joke of the cage season was the appearance of the Arkansas Aggies on the home floor January 15. The game was a pitiful affair; local fans were swept with emotion, either bursting with laughter, or crying in sympathy for the Arkansas boys. The Aggies took a 59-8 defeat in a matter of fact way. Coach Johnson changed line-ups frequently, giving all the boys exercise, and had time permitted, even Fuzzy Sutherd might have appeared in the Blue lineup. Art Long scored eighteen points and Johnny Zalenas rang up fifteen. After all, it was simply too bad.

The first clash between the Blue and Green was one of those classics of Millikin-Wesleyan basketball history, and the final verdict favored the Blue, 20-19. Our boys deserved to win, holding a 15-8 lead at half time, and outplaying the Methodists during most of the battle, but a great Wesleyan rally in the closing minutes turned the contest into a nightmare. The Blue scoring was divided; good offensive teamwork predominated.

Millikin's first conference defeat was a heart-breaking affair, the Eurekans nosing out the Blue 25-22 at Eureka, after having lagged behind until the final minutes of play. The lucky Mauzey looped an uncanny overhead shot, and goals by Ryf and Tweedale wrecked Millikin

in a game that should have been placed in the "won" column. The Viatorians came to Decatur Feb. 3 for a return engagement. They proved easier than before, and offered almost no opposition in a slow 34-18 game.

Two hard defeats on foreign floors followed the triumph over Viator, our quintet losing to both Knox and Bradley by three point margins. After a long, tiresome trip to Galesburg the Millikin five met Knox, a lowly team, in probably its best form of the season. Neither team played an effective defensive game, and while Rex and Art rang up a long list of counters, Walley missed many opportune tries at the hoop.

Three days later, February 9, still pursued by the hard luck jinx, the Blue dropped another tilt to Bradley in the large armory gym. The Millikin forwards, working the ball through the Bradley guards time after time, would shoot at the loop without avail. Biff Long displayed one of the best guarding exhibitions of the season, and Bishop's work was creditable, but it was simply a case of no offense. The sad tale ends—25-22.

Friday evening, February 12, Eureka journeyed to the Blue floor. The first half ended with the score knotted at 12-12. A rejuvenated cage team appeared in the second half and played its best basketball since the Wesleyan game. Rex, Art, and Walley connected regularly and put the Blue far ahead of the Christians, while Bishop and Biff Long effectively checked Mauzey, Paine, and Cagle. The game ended 39-25 for Millikin.

Tuesday evening, February 16, Coach Harmon's Illinois College quintet appeared on the local floor and—well, that's just about all—they appeared. The game was listless throughout, and the entire Blue squad took a part in the 31-15 lacing handed the collegians. Two evenings later the return engagement with our Bloomington rivals was played in Wesleyan Memorial gymnasium. The Blue met a wonder team that evening —a quintet that probably could have defeated any college five in the state on the same occasion—and Wesleyan conquered Millikin 41-28. Nearly a hundred J. M. U. fans arrived at the gym in time to see the last fifteen minutes of the game, and the added incentive urged the Blue to a desperate but fruitless rally in the last half. Rex and Harlan Walley both played nice offensive games but Art Long lost his horseshoe on the interurban and was able to do little. A continuation of last fall's football game with Illinois College was held in the Jacksonville gym February 22 and the verdict was a two to one 36-18 triumph. Art Long returned to his early season form and looped four goals and two free throws.

A fair basketball season was climaxed with a signal victory over Bradley of Peoria in the J. M. U. gym the evening of the 25th. The Peorians, confident of a second win over the Blue, found an impregnable man-to-man defense, and with the inability of Johnson and Poland to cage many baskets succumbed to Millikin, 33 to 21. The game gave Millikin a good average in both conferences, and besides being the last encounter of the year in basketball marked the passing of three members of the team, Rex Millikin, Harlan Walley, and Hubert Douglas.

Willard Hansen acted as manager of the basketball team, assisted by Bob Valentine.

BISHOP
BOSTIC
C. LONG
KINSEY
WALLEY
ZALENAS
A. LONG
DOUGLAS
MILLIKIN

Baseball

First row: Myers, Kish, Long, Johnson, Leo Johnson
Second row: Capt. Douglas, Oehler, Taylor, Darkin, Firebaugh, Conover
Third row: Earle, McCollum, Bishop, Lehn

Millikin's 1925 baseball team, led by Captain Douglas and coached by Leo Johnson, finished a conference season with 11 victories (including double victories over Lincoln, Eureka, Charleston Normal, Illinois Normal, and Wesleyan) and only two defeats.

The first game of the season was played at Charleston, April 21st, ending in an 8 to 3 victory for Millikin. The first home game resulted in a 4 to 3 win over Eureka. Meyers, freshman hurler, fanned eight men and won his own game by cracking out a single in the second to score Darkin and Oehler. Millikin next received her only bad drubbing of the season at the hands of the Irish of Bourbonnais. The visitors scored four runs in the initial frame. Donnelly, Irish outfielder, made four hits in five trips to the plate, two for doubles and one a triple.

The J. M. U. nine journeyed to Bloomington on May 5 and defeated Illinois Wesleyan 8 to 5. The following day Eureka's team was defeated 14 to 5. In the next contest on the Millikin field Millikin nosed out Illinois Normal 11 to 10 in a rather poorly played game.

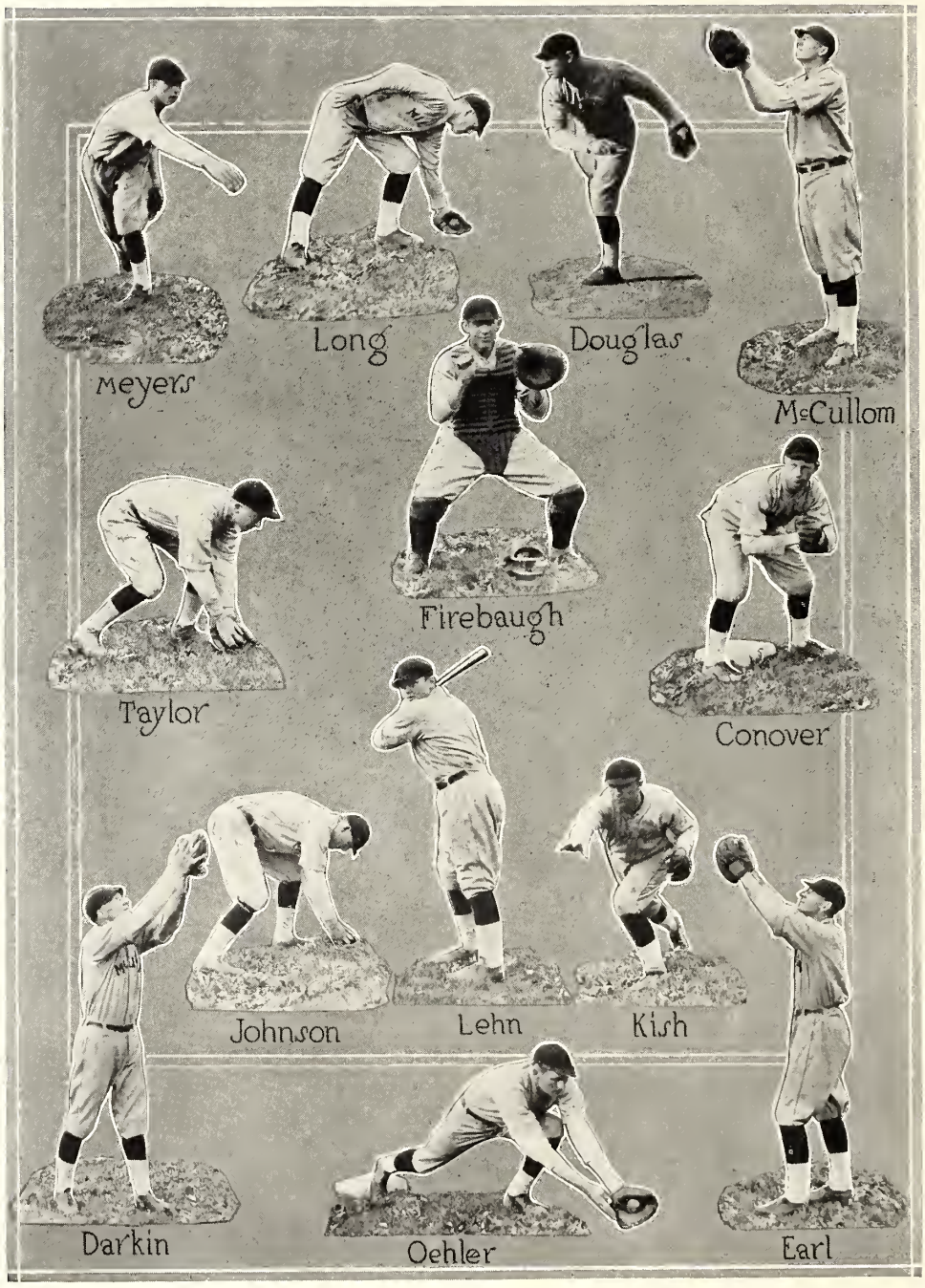
The score of the next game would indicate a football game if the Lincolnites had been blanked, but as it happened the Blue held a little track meet with Lincoln that afternoon, and Coach Johnson's boys proved adept as cinder path artists. When the Blue got tired of running bases they donated one run to Lincoln and called it quits. The final count stood 17 to 1. Bunk Douglas pitched excellent ball against Illinois College, and Millikin nabbed a 3 to 0 victory. Firebaugh made two of Millikin's six hits. The next foe of the Blue, Charleston Normal, again was easily beaten by Millikin, 14-6. The winners scored in every inning but the first, and Kish turned in an easy victory. The next game was the nightmare, and the Blue handed Illinois College a 15-14 win. Millikin's defense cracked in the ninth and the winners put nine runs across the plate to cinch the game. The game was an extremely ragged exhibition, Illinois College making thirteen errors. Three Millikin hurlers were ineffective.

Lincoln journeyed to Decatur to take her second beating of the season, this time by a score of eight to six. Next, Illinois Normal went down under a strong Blue batting attack which ended 15 to 6 in favor of the Millikin team. The features of the game were Kish's home-run and the effective hurling of Douglas.

As a fitting climax to the 1925 baseball season, the most successful in years, the Millikin nine won its second straight diamond victory of the year over Wesleyan at Staley field in a 3-2 eleven inning battle. The game was by far the best bit of college baseball seen during the season. Borsch, Wesleyan's Rhodes scholar and baseball player extraordinary, and Al Kish hooked up in a beautiful hurling duel which lasted for eleven frames. Borsch had the slight edge in pitching and the Methodists outhit the Blue 10 to 7, but Al bore down hard in the pinches and the whole Millikin nine played bang-up baseball. The fielding feature of the contest was a great one hand stab by Max Darkin of a long drive to left by Borsch in the fifth inning. Max robbed the Wesleyan captain of a potential homer. Conover led the batting attack with two doubles.

Here's how the Blue won:—In the eleventh frame, with one out, Captain Douglas singled. When Darkin fanned, Bunk headed for second and took third when Knox, Methodist catcher, threw the ball into center field. George Oehler scored Douglas with a pretty single to win the last game of the year.

The features of the season included the effective pitching of Captain Douglas and Kish, and the batting of Art Long, Darkin, Kish, Douglas, and Conover. Darkin and McCullom both played nice fielding games in the outer garden. Oehler and Firebaugh handled the pitchers well, and the infield, consisting of Firebaugh, Taylor, Long, and Conover, played steady ball most of the time. Art Long, regular third baseman for two years and quite a ball-hawk, was elected captain for the 1926 team.


Meyers
Long
Douglas
McCullom
Firebaugh
Taylor
Conover
Johnson
Lehn
Kish
Darkin
Oehler
Earl

Track, 1925

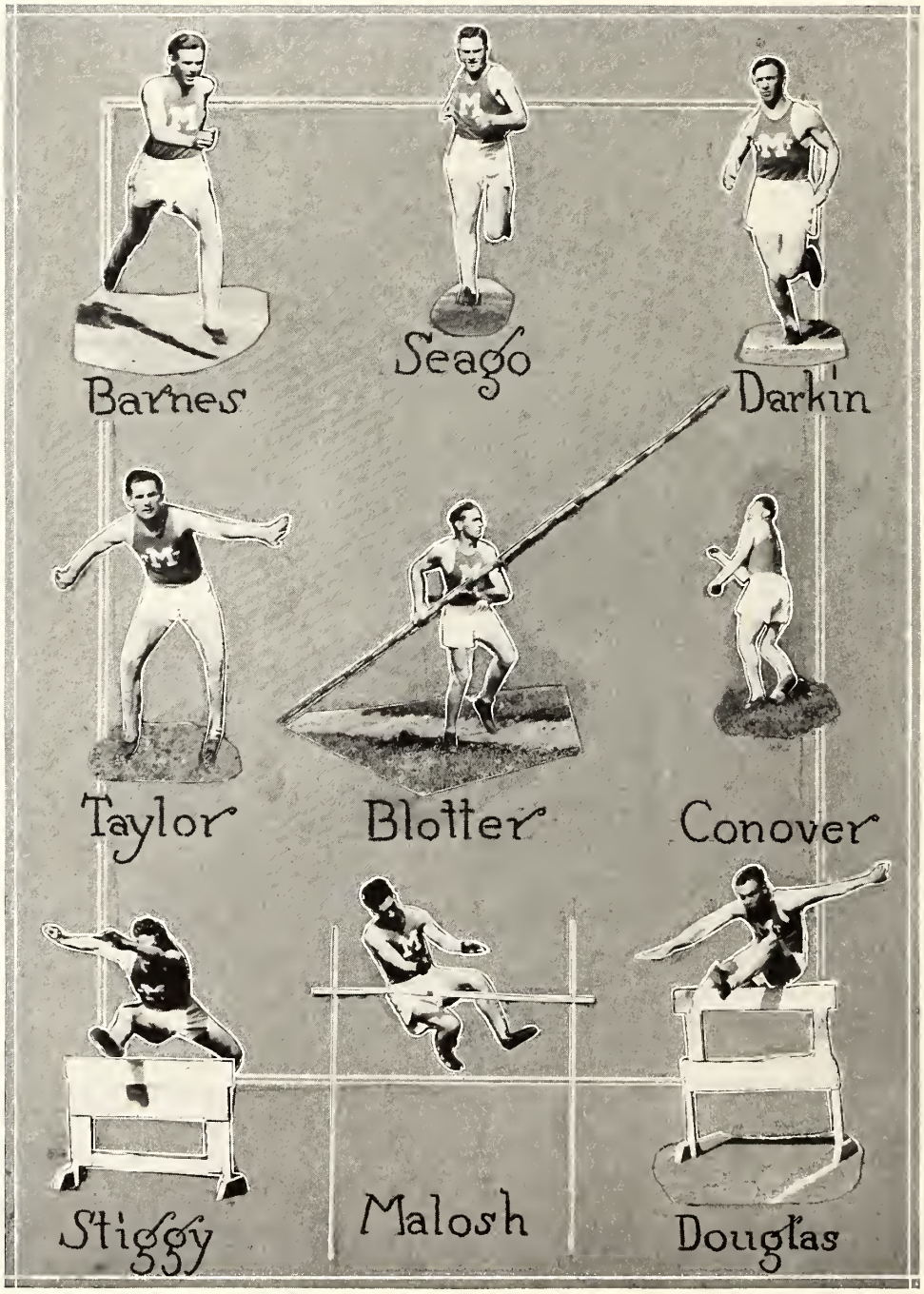
First row: Stiegemeier, Hastings, Darkin, Conover
Second row: Douglas, Malosh, Seago, Blotter, Barnes, Oehler

A fairly large squad began track workouts early in the spring under Fuzzy and Captain Lawrence Blotter. The Blue team came through with three victories in the three meets held during the season. One-sided wins were gained over Lincoln and Normal in dual meets, and in an exceedingly interesting triangular event held on J. M. U. field, Millikin came through with flying colors.

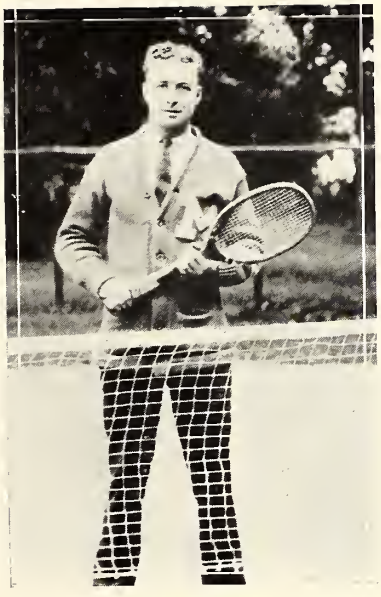
The feature of the state meet from the Millikin angle was Nemo Madden's sensational victory in the 880 yard run. Other point winners were Malosh, who placed third in the high jump at 5 feet 10 inches, Conover, who acquired a fourth place in the javelin throw, Hastings, who captured a fifth in the broad jump, and Capt. Blotter, who tied for fifth in the pole vault.

Seago performed creditably in the 100 yard dash during the season, and Malosh starred in the high jump and javelin throw. Hastings usually placed high in the running broad jump, and also ran the 220 yard dash. Madden was probably the outstanding star of the season, ending his career by a fine performance in the state meet. Coral Barnes, captain-elect for 1926, showed ability in the 440 and 880 yard runs. Others who helped form the nucleus of this year's team were Stiegemeier, a low hurdler and broad jumper, Douglas, who ran the 120 low hurdles, Moore, a broad jumper, and McFadden, a distance man.

As the Millidek goes to press, prospects appear bright for a successful track team. Coach Sutherd is gradually bringing track from oblivion to prominence in the athletic affairs of the university.


Barnes
Seago
Darkin
Taylor
Blotter
Conover
Stiggy
Malosh
Douglas

Tennis, 1925



CHARLES FIELDS

Millikin's tennis activities of last spring were centered in the participation of a Blue team in the conference meet in May. Charles Fields, captain, and William Kaiser, represented Millikin in this meet, but both were put out of the running before reaching the finals.

Early season indications for this spring point toward a strong team composed of Fields, Harlan Walley, a former star, and Bill Kinsey, a newcomer of considerable ability. Besides competing in the conference district meet, several matches have been arranged with Little Nineteen schools. An interesting men's intramural tennis tournament is in progress as we are going to press. Watch charms will be presented both the singles and doubles winners.

Board of Athletic Control

Leo Johnson ..... *Chairman*
Erwin Seago ..... *Secretary*
E. C. Kiefer ..... *Treasurer*

The Athletic Board of Control promotes and controls intercollegiate contests, and is pledged to use the funds it receives in the most advantageous way.

The personnel of the Athletic Board consists of the Dean of the college and the athletic director, both ex-officio members, one member of the faculty elected by the faculty, another member of the faculty elected by the student body, two student members, one man and one woman, who are nominated by the student council and elected by the board, and a representative from the Alumni Association, who must be an alumnus and a resident of Decatur. The two student members are elected in their sophomore year, one year a woman being elected and the next year a man, in order that one of the students may always be a second year member.

Women's Athletic League

LANCASTER REDMORE DENNY

OFFICERS

Evelyn Denney.....*President*
Margaret Lancaster.....*Secretary*
Mildred Redmore.....*Treasurer*
Mildred Redmore.....*Tennis Manager*

The Athletic League has sponsored this year a new organization called the Athletic Council, made up of a girl from each class and a girl from each sorority. The purpose of the council is to divide the responsibility and to increase the interest shown in women's athletics.

The League arranges the intramural teams, and in fact sponsors all of the women's athletics. The tennis manager arranges the annual intercollegiate meet.

Recently the League elected its members for the coming year. Those holding office are:

Ora Edgar—President
Esther Engelder—Vice-President
Margaret Lancaster—Secretary
Mildred Redmore—Treasurer
Helen Phillips—Basketball manager
Mildred Redmore—Tennis manager.

Women's Basketball

First row: Swick, Ireland, Musser, Stonecipher, Corder, Dillon
Second row: Stanley, Keilman, Engelder, Spray, Brundage

The Women's Basketball was more popular among the Freshmen and Sophomores this season than among the Juniors and Seniors; perhaps because the upper classmen are too busy with other activities. The Freshmen were well represented by three teams, captained by Esther Engelder, Charlotte Musser and Jesseth Blackman. Una Brown was captain of the Sophomore team. Two Freshman teams claim the championship, since each won two games and lost one.

First row: Flint, Lancaster, Smith, Brosseau
Second row: Elliott, Brown, Phillips, Stewart, Virgin
Third row: Hays, King, Storm

The Hockey season . . . and the official Freshman-Sophomore scrap . . . ended on the Millikin athletic field during the annual Homecoming contest in November. It was preceded by six weeks of daily drilling and the members of the team were chosen from the entire gymnasium classes. Margaret Lancaster was chosen by the Sophomores to lead their team, and Velma Kileman led the Freshmen.

First row: Musser, Taylor, Pease, Brockhouse, Lindsey
Second row: Honnold, Houston, Keilman, Corder, Chupp
Third row: Engelder, Spray, Byers, Brundage

Margaret Lancaster played on the Freshman hockey team last year at the Homecoming contest, as well as in the intramural basketball games and other forms of athletics. Velma Kileman, a Freshman, played hockey in the high school before coming to Millikin, and so she was familiar with the game.

The Sophomores wore Millikin Blue and the Freshmen flaunted green caps and ties; the final score was in favor of the Sophomore team, 3-0.

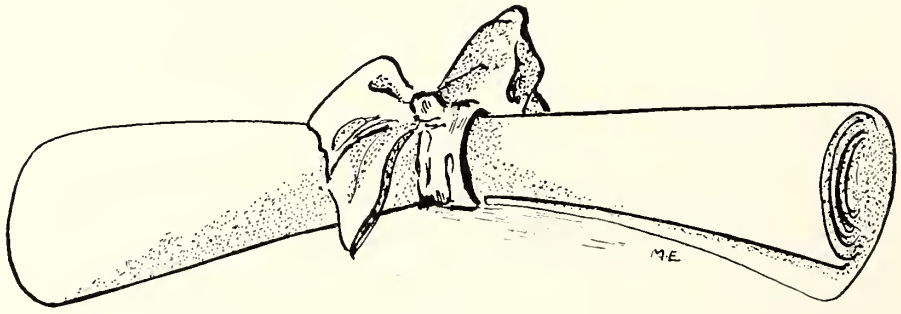
Tennis

The annual Millikin Invitation Tennis Tournament was held May 15-16, 1925. Nine colleges participated, making this the largest meet ever held at Millikin. The colleges represented were Augustana, Bradley, Eureka, Illinois College, Knox, Lake Forest, Monmouth, Wheaton and Millikin.

Miss Marjorie Neilson of Millikin retained the singles championship which she had won the previous year by defeating Miss Kelley of Bradley 6-0, 6-2, in the finals. Millikin's doubles entry, Miss Neilson and Miss Engelder, reached the finals, but here the Millikin women were defeated by Miss Kelley and Miss Cafferty of Bradley, 6-3, 6-4.

Slowly and impressively the triumphant gladiator rolled up the last manuscript and laid it down. In the silence that followed you could hear the tall ferns outside sweeping against the crystal dome. . .

"It has a strange and haunting music," said the king. And from that day ever after the king and all his court gamboled at football. It is rumored, in fact, that even the tall veiled ladies threw aside their red silk fans for hockey sticks.



To be "Most Representative" means a great deal. It means, of course, high scholarship, for scholarship is the real objective of a college; it means interest in activities as the expression of a college; it means the formation of friendships . . . friendships that are blue porcelain or shining rosewood.

And yet it is more subtle than that, more intangible. Perhaps being "Most Representative" is adding to all of these things a keener sensitiveness to that ideal which is Millikin.

Catherine Engelder

Corwin Lewis

Some time ago the Decaturian announced six women as leading in the Millikin Beauty Contest. Of these six, three have been chosen by the student body as the most beautiful . . . Jane Pickrell, Vesta Harper, and Denise Brosseau.

Jane Pickrell and Vesta Harper are Freshmen in Millikin; it is both unusual and promising that they have won recognition so early. Denise Brosseau is a Senior; this is the second time that she has been recognized as one of Millikin's most beautiful women, for she led in a similar contest held in 1924.

Jane Pickerell

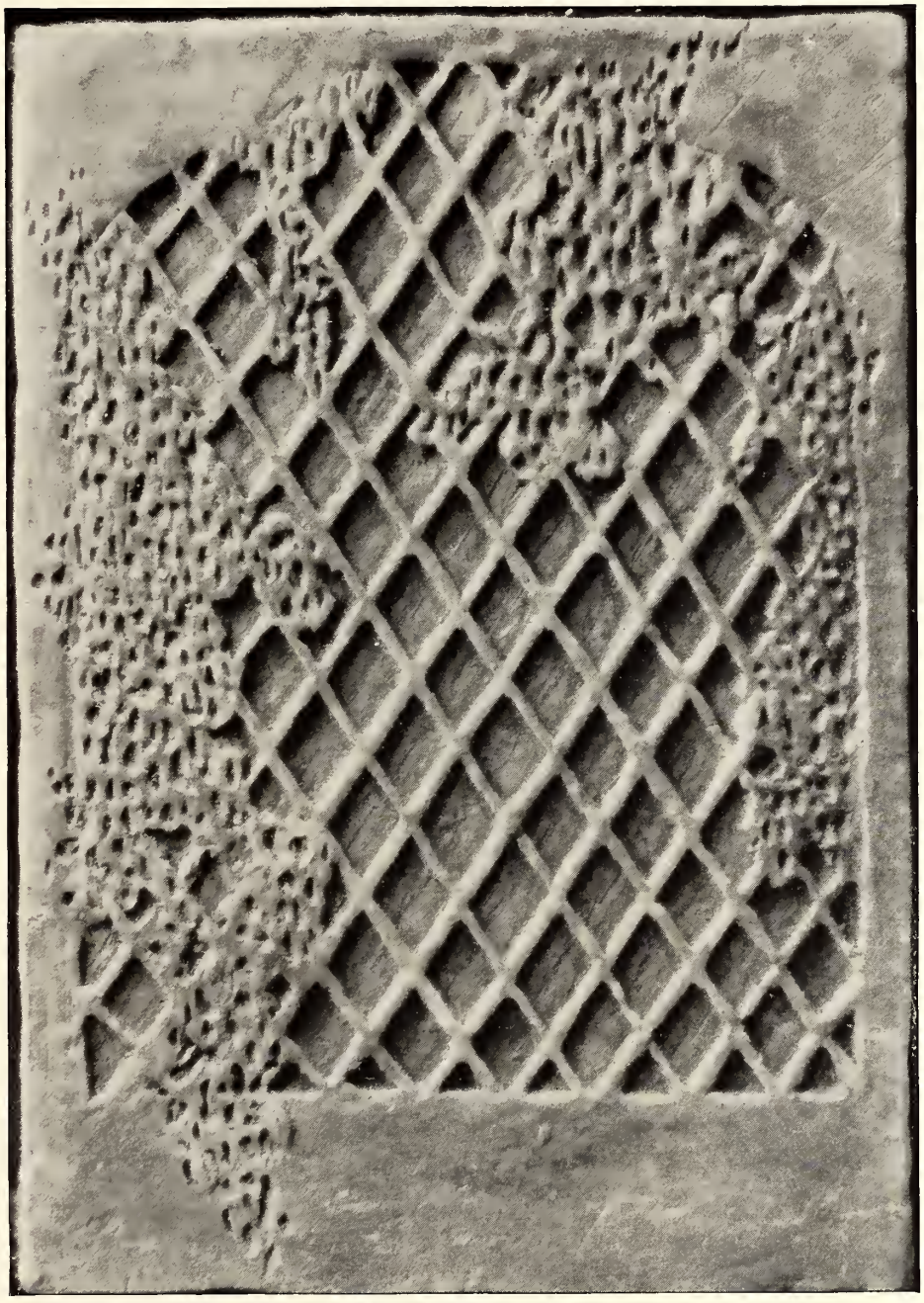
Vesta Harper

Denise Brousseau

Simplicity

I've been most dreadfully misled.
I thought that realness meant
The austere-turning firmament
Or being dead.

It's really very simple, now I see.
A slim bronze vase or two
And three jade songs for you
And two for me.



Shadows of Sound

WINIFRED ST. CLARE
MINTURN
Executive Secretary
Σ A I

American Conservatory of Music; Theory at Chicago Musical College; Private Study with Hugo Kortschak in Berlin, Germany, Chicago and New York and with Adolf Weidig, American Conservatory.

Considering our music school as an harmonious symphony orchestra, Miss Minturn as executive secretary can be called an ideal conductor alive to all the possibilities of her orchestra. Having true musicianship and fine sincerity and warmth, a magnetic personality, with the addition of a calm business style, Winifred St. Clare Minturn possesses an astonishing command. She makes it possible for the low tones of the violins never to be over-shadowed by the louder instruments, and blends them together into real beauty.

STELLA MAE CHITTUM
Instructor in Piano
Σ A I

Certificate in Piano, Certificate as Teacher of Piano; Certificate in Harmony; Diploma in Piano as Soloist and Teacher.

NITA CLARK
Instructor in Piano and Organ

Piano Study William H. Sherwood, Harold von Mickity, Jeanette Durno; Organ—Harrison Wild, Clarence Dickinson; Teaching Methods, Jeanette Durno.

RUTH EVANS
Instructor in Primary Kindergarten

Graduate of Kindergarten Department, Illinois State Normal University.

MINER WALDEN GALLUP
Professor of Piano and Harmony
K Φ K

Virgil Piano School, New York; Private Study, Albany, N. Y. and Berlin with Dr. Percy I. Starnes, Alberto Jonas and Vernon Spencer.

DORIS LEWMAN GILLESPIE
Instructor in Voice
Σ A I

Millikin Conservatory, Certificate in Harmony, Public School Music and Piano; Diploma in Voice as teacher and soloist; Graduate study in Voice.

LOUISE WATSON HELMICK
Instructor in Voice
Σ A I, A Γ Δ

Wesleyan College of Music; Certificate in Voice and Theory; Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chicago; Certificate in Public School Methods; American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Private study, Charles W. Clark.

HELEN RUSSELL HILL
Instructor in Piano
Σ A I

Certificate in Piano and Public School Music; Diploma in Piano, Millikin Conservatory.

FRANK LLOYD HYDINGER
Professor of Piano and History of Music

Advanced Piano Study with Rudolph Ganz; Piano and Ear Training with Howard Wells; Eurythmics with Jacque Dalcroze at the Dalcroze Musical Institute in Helleran near Dresden.

MAYME ETHEL IRONS
Instructor in Public School Methods
Σ A I

American Institute of Normal Methods; Diploma in Public School Music Course, Northwestern University School of Music.

DORIS ELLEN LYONS
Instructor in Piano
Σ A I

Certificate in Piano, Millikin Conservatory; Certificate in Kindergarten Methods, Millikin Conservatory.

EDNA MACDONALD
Professor of Violin
Σ A I

Graduate, Post-graduate Northwestern School of Music with H. E. Knapp; Columbia School of Music, Ludwig Becker; Cincinnati Conservatory, Robert Perutz.

WILNA MOFFETT
Instructor in Piano and Organ
Σ A I

Certificate in Piano; Diploma as Soloist and Teacher, Millikin Conservatory; Diploma in Organ; Post-Graduate Diploma in Piano and in Organ; Private Study, Chicago, Percy Grainger.

MARTHIN CHRISTIAN PROVENSEN

Professor of Voice

Κ Φ Κ

Ω Φ Δ (Honorary member)
Iowa State Teachers' College; Private Voice study, Chicago, Boston, and New York with Prochowsky, Bibb, and Hosea; Private Coaching under Rhrys Herbert.

FLORENCE ROYCE

Director of Kindergarten Department

Σ A I

Certificate in Musical Kindergarten Course, Millikin Conservatory; Special Study in Dramatic Art and in Playground work, Cartauqua, New York.

CLAIRE JOHN THOMAS

Associate Professor Voice

Φ M A

Findlay College Conservatory, Findlay, Ohio; First Musician U. S. N.; Student of Voice, Carl Songer, American Cons. of Music; Voice with Elwin Smith and Theory with Dr. Edwin J. Stringham, Denver College of Music; Bachelor of Music Degree, Denver College of Music; Post-graduate work in Voice with John C. Wilcox, Denver, Colorado, Percy Rector Stephens, New York, and Herbert Witherspoon, Chicago.

ROBERT WALTER

Instructor, Band and Orchestral Wind Instruments

Private Study, Erfurt, Germany; Director of Goodman Band, Decatur, Illinois; Private Instructor, Band and Orchestral Instruments, Decatur, Illinois.

JUNE FISHER MILLER

Instructor in Speech Arts

Λ Φ A

Graduate Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tennessee; Assistant in Expression Department, Ward-Belmont; summer Dr. Curry's School of Expression; Director of Amateur Theatricals, John B. Rodgers producing company, Expression and Harmonic Gymnastics, Oxford College, Oxford Ohio, and Little Theatre Guild, Decatur, Illinois; Play Coach, James Millikin University.

RUTH MUIR

Instructor in Kindergarten

Σ A I

Certificate, Diploma and Post-graduate in Piano; Diploma in Voice; Certificate in Harmony, Millikin Conservatory; Private study with Percy Grainger.

FRANCES CLOW MARTIN

Instructor in 'Cello

Σ A I

Private Study; Student, Carlton College, Minnesota; Hans Hess, Chicago; Englebery Raentgen.

NORMA CONNER

Instructor in Speech Arts

Graduate Northwestern University; School of Speech; Northwestern Summer School; Pupil of Grace Hickox summer terms.

Conservatory Students

Top row: Cline, Clark, Carmichael, Barnett, Barnes, Bachman
Second row: Curry, Eikenberry, Ellis, Erwin, Harris
Third row: Hill, Hiltabrand, Hood, Hughey, Humphrey, Joy
Fourth row: Maddox, Mitchell, Nolan, Pergrem, Pickrell, Ramsey
Fifth row: Schleimer, Sines, Smith, Smith, Smock
Bottom row: Spellbring, P. Walters, R. Walters, Weld, Wells

Calendar

Helen Harris . . . Soprano	August 17, 1925
Paul Whiteman's Orchestra	October 15, 1925
Mme. Schuman-Heink . . . Contralto	November 12, 1925
Abraham Sopkin . . . Violinist	November 29, 1925
Edna Macdonald . . . Violinist	December 10, 1925
Clare John Thomas . . . Tenor	January 7. 1926
Vesper Concert . . . Oratorio Choir, Millikin Singers	January 17, 1926
Louis Graveure . . . Baritone	February 5, 1926
Rozsi Varady . . . Violoncellist	February 5, 1926
Musical Vespers . . . Sigma Alpha Iota	February 14, 1926
Fritz Kreisler . . . Violinist	March 10, 1926
Easter Vespers . . . Sigma Alpha Iota	March 21, 1926
Robert Walter . . . Violinist	April 9, 1926
Music Week Vespers . . . Sigma Alpha Iota	May 2, 1926
Zorah Miller . . . Pianist	May 10, 1926
Henrietta Clark . . . Pianist	May 25, 1926
Marjorie Maddox . . . Pianist	May 27, 1926
Wilma Hughey . . . Pianist	June 3, 1926

Alone

If I were only one person
It would be so sad.
I wouldn't have anybody to tell the good times
I've had.
And when I play house
With no one at all
I wouldn't have a person
To call.
And when my mother whips me
When SHE thinks I've been bad
I wouldn't have anyone to tell me but what
I had!

Baccalaureate Sunday

I said my prayers at Christmas
With a candle
And all around
So close that I could handle
A shining gown or stroke a shining feather
The angels winged and singing all together
Brought me joy.

I said my prayers at Easter
In my garden
And moist sweet air
And hyacinths, with pardon
For frozen heart and throb for wicked numbness
Of futile hands and words for selfish dumbness
Brought me life.

Today I say my collect
In the chapel
While passing through
The green and golden dapple
Of summer light and hush of solemn meetness
The Seniors come and all their shining sweetness
Says my prayer:

God, these high walls and towers and the green lace of trees and these rich books and these eager teachers thou hast placed here to work a spiritual transfiguration.

A transfiguration for slashing young mind and lustful young eye and blundering young purpose!

I pray with all the unction of the body and the driving of the mind and the overtones of the soul that I may not cause that magic to fail!

The magic of the lovely that makes sensitive the eye and the finger-tips.

The magic of fearless thought that makes keen the mind blades and trenchant the doing.

And the magic of a rooted love that makes a shining soul a tree of clear green light and purple shade where the weary rest. I pray with agony and a deep content. Amen.

Today I say my collect
In the chapel
While passing through
The green and golden dapple
Of summer light and hush of solemn meetness
The Seniors come and all their shining sweetness
Brings me hope!
—From the Alumni Journal.

REALITY

A silver cloud deep-fringed, hung near the towers as we began this, our Pilgrimage.

Strange blue-and-velvet words crashed about us like mighty songs~~~~ We built of them a Shrine, rose-shadowed.~~~~~~

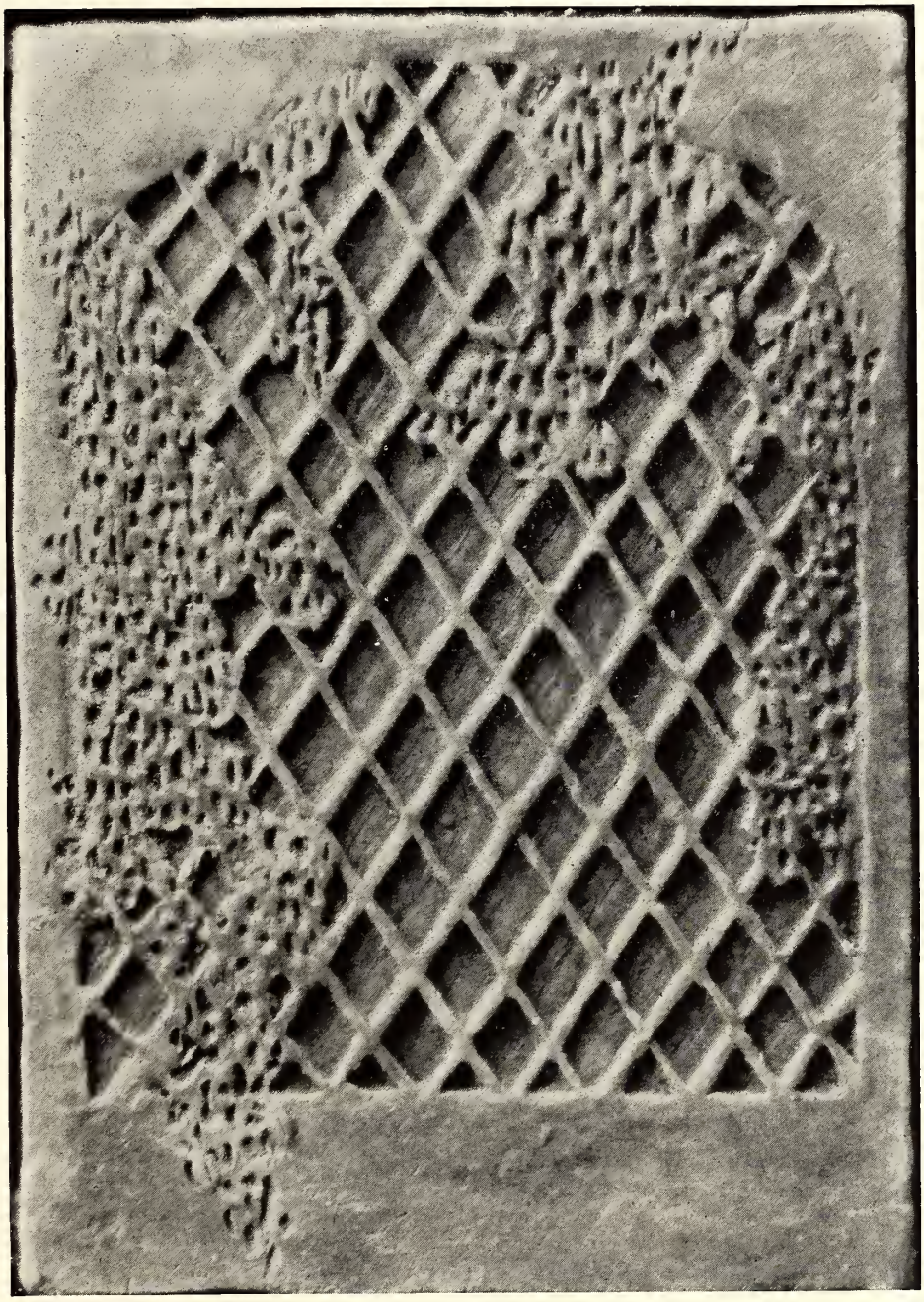
"Wouldst pilgrimage?"
It spoke.
"Thy Pilgrimage can
have no end—Science is
eternal and Art is
endless.
Yet— thou, too,
might find and leave
a bit of loveliness."

"To-day we leave
the Shrine, thou,
and I, "on this,
our Pilgrimage
to no country—
and to no end."

"Comes as from chaos, as from the sun-welter, as from beginnings,
Comes from our star-reaching dreams unachievable
Beauty, its hour.

Hold you to that, brother; hold it in quietness, there is the end.
Out of the waste, and the need, and the wistfulness
Hold you the flower."

Orrick Johns.



Little Etchings in Blue and Bronze . . .

"My sleeve with tears is always wet,
I have forgotten to forget."

You may tell me that China is a dirty and wicked land if you wish, and I'll nod my head and rivet my mental vision on the rusty looking laundry on Main Street; you may inform me statistically that the Chinese have the best brains of any on earth, and I'll smile intelligently, and elaborate: "Oh, yes, we had some Chinamen at Millikin. Now, Mr. Lo, for instance . ."

The more fool I. For I know very well that the Orient is neither intelligent nor dirty; I know that the misty figures are not human—they are merely of the imagination. And the more pain to me that coming across the ocean, they take on a physical being that is repellent to one who knows the Orient as I do.

The Orient is a place you can draw only with queer, fantastic lines and certain rich shades of yellow and blue and silver and coral; it is a land of pagodas and ginrichashaws and of a civilization so ancient that it has ceased to be an ostentatious civilization at all. It is a land where nothing is clear cut or vivid, where everything moves in a slow, hazy, colorful panorama.

I am not sure that I care to go to the Orient; I had rather read stories of blue draped figures puffing impassively at a long pipe, and be carried away with them to lands of eternal cherry blossoms and the sickening fragrance of lotus flowers. I had rather burn sandal wood incense to my little jade Buddha on the library table and glimpse romance through Vantine's yellow backed catalogue. I like to create an atmosphere within myself—a colorful, meaningless atmosphere—by murmuring now and then:

"My sleeve with tears is always wet,
I have forgotten to forget."

I am afraid to go to the Orient; I might meet a missionary there who would insist on showing me "conditions". And then I might feel sorry for them. No, I shall be content to hear the missionary talk in chapel, and then come home to my smoldering incense—to the Orient as it is.

Spud Settles Up

"How many ya' got, Nibs?"

"Couple skinny ones that look 'bout like nails. How many you got?"

"Whole family." Henry grinned at his friend, then poising his foot on the neck of his pitch fork, sank it again. "There's the head of another one, Bill. Get him! Wait, I'll break up the clod."

Bill bent over dutifully and pulled out a long wriggling fish worm.

"Say, Spud, you ought to 'uv seen the snake my dad killed the other day. Two feet long. It ran right in front of him down in the pasture, and he threw a rock at it."

Henry stopped his digging. "What was it, a garter?"

"Dunno," came the evasive reply, "might a been a poison one."

"Aw, no, not around here. Say, did you ever see a *real* snake,—a rattler for instance?"

Henry, otherwise Spud, left his fork sticking upright and turned to face his three companions.

"They curl up like a spring, and then they jump at you. They got eyes like fire, and they're all striped and green. My dad was out camping once and one came right up to the tent." Spud sent a surreptitious glance toward the latticed door of the back porch, then lowered his voice. "My dad went outside for something, and there it was all coiled up. He didn't have time to get away, and it jumped at him, and . . . and . . . bit him. They're poisonous, ya' know, and my dad, he called some of the other men, and they cut a hole right in his arm where the snake bit—so it could bleed, and when—"

"Henry, come here a moment, please." It was his mother's voice from behind the lattice door.

Henry's face clouded.

"What cha' want, mom? We got ta hurry if we get enough worms to go fishin' this morning."

"I want you, Henry, right away."

"We'll go on diggin', Spud," Bill sought to relieve his friend's embarrassment.

Henry stalked up to the house,—slowly, of course, he wouldn't want the guys to think he had to hurry.

"What cha' want, mom?" He ran a grimy hand through his hair, leaving a taffy colored water fall effect with a geyser right on top. His eyes sought the floor instinctively.

Mrs. Fiske wiped the flour from her hands and closed the door quietly.

"Henry, what makes you tell such awful lies? I couldn't help hearing that story about the snake."

"Aw, I was just foolin'."

Mrs. Fiske eyed her son earnestly as if debating whether she should try to shake some of the wickedness out of him or pour some righteousness in. She ended with a measure of both.

"Don't make it any worse, son. Yesterday the milk soured on the side porch, because you lied to me about bringing it in. Thursday you cut school and lied to Miss Wilson. Wednesday night you told Mrs. Har-

rold I wasn't going to be at home because you wanted me to read to you. It's something nearly every day. Someone has to suffer for all those lies."

Henry ran his big toe around the pattern in the linoleum. He didn't look particularly impressed with the weight of his sin.

"You may go into the living room now, and sit on a chair for an hour. Please don't read or look at pictures."

"Aw, mom, the guys are waitin' for me to go fishin' with 'em. What can I say?"

"Tell them that I have something else for you to do. Hurry. After you've sat your hour, you must stem the strawberries."

"Jim-i-nee, mom," Henry whined, but his mother had gone back to her pies, and he saw that her word was final. He slammed the door as he went out.

The other three looked up curiously. Henry began to whistle; then suddenly he grinned at his friends.

"I'm not goin' to go fishin' this morning. Just got some new stamps in the mail, and I'm goin' to paste 'em in my album. You guys come over this afternoon. Bring Punkie and some of the gang and we'll play ball."

"Can't your old stamps wait, Spud?" Bill spoke the sentiment of the group.

"Yes, they *could*." Spud was a little sarcastic, "but I want to paste 'em in now before I lose 'em."

With this he turned, feeling that he had disposed of his friends wisely, and still retained his self respect. The boys realized that they were dismissed, but only Bill ventured a remark as he picked up his can of worms.

"Just the samee, you're missin' *some* good time! Don't get your stamps in crooked or spill the paste."

A half hour later, Henry, having exhausted his inner resources for entertainment, was testing the merits of the rocking chair by seeing how far he could rock without turning over. The chair finally reached the turning point, and sent him sprawling over backwards, scraping his leg against the davenport. He scrambled back into the chair, and hugging his knee, began to whistle shrilly. It seemed to counteract the pain. There was a scratching on the screen door, but Henry was too busy to notice,—then another scratch. He looked up quickly. There stood his collie, one paw upraised, his eyes eager.

"Howdy, General, come on in. D'ya think I was callin' ya?" The dog gave a sharp little bark and clawed the screen again.

"Oh, it's locked." Henry glanced toward the dining room, then tiptoed over to unfasten the screen. The dog bounded in, whipping his shaggy big tail back and forth like a semaphore. Then he reared lightly, and resting his fore-paws on his young master's overall straps, riveted his clear brown eyes on Henry's face inquiringly. Head thrown back, he intercepted Henry's pat with a cold nose and some affectionate laps from an eager red tongue. In his happiness he crooned a little whine of satisfaction and then added a sharp little bark of inquiry. He didn't understand the silence.

"Sh . . . Mom'll hear us, General." Then Henry hurried back to his chair. General followed meekly and laid himself at Henry's feet like a great red horse shoe, still watching Henry's face.

"Old man, couldn't get along without you,—even a guy's mother goes back on him. All 'cause I was stringin' the kids a little. You wouldn't keep a guy from goin' fishin' for a little thing like that, would ya'?"

General waved his tail indignantly and advanced a paw to the leg of Henry's overall.

"Sure you wouldn't. Want to shake hands on it, don't ya'?"

Henry reached over and ruffled the dog's hair, and then smoothed it out tenderly.

"Mom thinks I'm sufferin' for this lie, but gosh, I don't mind sittin' here—when I got you to talk to. Goin' to play ball this afternoon, General; we'll need you for outfielder."

General sat up; then he edged in between Henry's knees and ran his nose along Henry's hand, finally resting it on the edge of the chair. Henry, chuckling, encircled the dog with his legs and crossed his feet on General's back. General half closed his eyes and committed himself entirely to the whims of his young master.

"Hey . . . . . Sp - ud!"

"Henry, there are some boys out here calling for you."

"All right, Mom. I'm goin' to play ball in the pasture, can I?"

Henry had already grabbed his bat and was hurrying toward the door—lest his mother think of something for him to do before he got out of hearing.

"Well, how's the stamps, Spud?" one of the gang greeted him.

"Boy, they're beauts." Henry paused to whistle for General. He came leaping around the corner of the house at the first signal, and then the boys raced down the hill after Spud like a dispersed flock of birds behind their leader.

"First bat," yelled Spud.

"Naw sir, I'm first," shouted Punkie. "I said it 'way back there."

"Aw y' are not. Ya' can't be on our team if you get smart."

"I don't wanta be on your team. Come on, guys, we'll show Spud how to play ball."

A fight was narrowly averted and the game began. General was an enthusiastic but rather independable outfielder. Because of his natural prejudices he often took the ball to his master when he should not. They had been playing only a little while when a blunder of this kind gave Spud's team a home run. Punkie was furious! He grabbed the ball and hurled it with all his might at General. The dog went simpering to Spud.

"Ya big dumb bell you, think ya can sling a ball at my dog, do ya! Have to prove it to me." With doubled fists Henry started for Punkie on the run. Immediately they were the center of a pugilistic ring.

"Swat him, Spud—biff him good—that's it! Get 'im down!"

The boys writhed and tumbled, a mass of hair and feet and dust.

"Down? Say you're down?" gasped Spud.

"Well?"

"Then say you're sorry you hit General?"

"All right. Get off me."

"Shall I let him up, guys?"

"Ye-a, come on let's finish the game."

"I wouldn't let anybody hurt you and get away with it, old man," Henry confided as he patted General's side. Then they went running off together to their post.

The fall afternoon sped along as Saturdays will for school boys. The sun paused a moment before dropping out of sight. A damp sprang from the creek, and a purple haze rose up from the pasture ground. The boys played on—they could still see the ball.

"Henry, Hen-ree—come on home—Mamma says so." It was Frances. She was always butting in on his fun, Henry thought.

"Say, ya' oughta see what Ev brought home."

"What?"

"Come on and see. Mamma's awful mad."

Henry's curiosity was aroused. "Tell me, sis. So long, guys, gotta go."

At first Frances stubbornly shook her head, but as they neared home, fearing lest she lose her story, she told him.

"He's got a new rifle. Cost eight dollars. Says he's goin' rabbit hunting."

"Boy! Maybe he'll take me along." Henry worshipped his seventeen year old brother. "I'm a good shot,—I killed a squirrel once—sure I did."

"Aw, when?"

"Never mind, *once*, I said."

Frances sniffed incredulously.

"He's not home now. He took it down to show to John Baker. Let's go play up in the barn till he gets back. I want you to teach me to swing on the bars, will ya'?"

Henry was flattered into assent.

"Come on, General, let's see who can beat to the barn."

In a few minutes they were all in the hay loft, and Henry was boosting Frances onto the bar.

"Hang on now and I'll swing you."

"Not—not very high, Henry. Oh, get General away, he's jumping at my feet."

"He won't hurt ya'."

"He might knock me off, Henry! Get him away, *please*."

Henry good naturedly complied, tying General out of reach; then he swung Frances until she got dizzy.

"Say, what'd Mom want with me?" he asked suddenly.

"Just to get cleaned up. It's . . gettin' dark up here. S'pose supper's ready?"

Henry's eyes sparkled mysteriously.

"Say, Fran," he whispered, "thought I heard something in the other room, did you?"

Frances' lips parted, her eyes grew round.

"I don't know," she whispered back, "did you?"

"Sure I did. I heard footsteps. I'll go peek." And Henry cautiously slipped up to the door; then he came tip toeing back, his eyes flashing.

"There's a tramp in there—a great big fellow with black whiskers and a pipe in his mouth. He's awful lookin'."

Frances turned pale. Henry started for the stairs.

"He—he looked like he was getting ready to come out. Boy, I bet he's six feet tall. He grinned, and I saw he had great big yellow teeth . . come on . . we better hurry." All this was delivered in a strained whisper.

Frances, shaking and pale, hurried down the stairs with her brother. Once down she ran like a frightened rabbit out of doors and up to the house. Henry, cool and smiling, ran after her.

"Aw, wait a minute, Fran." But she was already in the house telling the folks they'd seen a tramp.

"Henry, did you see someone up there? Are you sure you saw someone?" His mother looked dubious, but Frances was so frightened she thought she'd seen him too. Henry thought he was safe.

"Sure I did. He had black whiskers and a pipe in one corner of his mouth . . . boy, he was bigger'n dad even, and had yellow teeth, didn't he, Frances?"

"Ye-es." Frances' teeth were chattering.

Hearing the noise Ev came running out of the front room.

"Here's where I have some fun. I'll shoot around his heels a few times and scare him to death. Up in the hay loft, was he?"

"Everett, don't do anything rash. Your father will be here in a minute. It's dark up there and you might get hurt."

"Say, Mom, if I can't look out for myself now, I never will be able to. I'm goin' up. Want to come, Henry?"

And out went the two boys on the run,—Ev carrying his new rifle in his hand. They pulled open the door cautiously—it creaked on its hinges. They stepped into the dimness quietly and groped their way carefully around the corn crib; then noiselessly, painfully up the steps. Henry crept along stealthily behind his brother in the darkness. He and Ev were tracking bandits . . . were about to surprise them in their lair. Henry reached in his pocket for his scout knife. He'd have it ready in case they rushed him, he thought. Finally they reached the top. There was a sound in the hay in the corner—someone walking,—again,—it was very distinct this time. Henry was excited, . . . he could see the tramp just as he had pictured him; there was another movement in the hay.

"Shoot, Ev, shoot," whispered Henry. He felt his brother's arm go up.

"Who's there—speak or I'll shoot," Ev called. There was another sudden movement in the straw, but no other sound.

The little rifle cracked,—there was a puff of fire, then a howl of pain, broken, and ending in a pitiful whine.

Henry caught his breath sharply, his mouth grew dry, he seized his brother's sleeve.

"General, Ev, it's General! I tied him there!"

Ev lit a match quickly and they hurried to the corner. The collie lay stretched on the hay, his bloody side heaving violently. Through half closed eyes, he looked up at Henry, and, staggering, tried to raise himself on his front feet, but sank down again, with a whimper.

"Here, Henry, hold this handkerchief on his side while I run to the house for help."

Left alone in the dark, Henry rubbed his cheek along the soft fur on General's neck. "I lied, General," he whispered, "but don't die,—please don't die. You're my best friend. Gee, what'd a fellow do . . ."

General turned his head and feebly licked Henry's cheek. With the exertion a spasm of quivering passed over his body and rustled the straw. With half a choke and half a whine, his head sank upon Spud's hand, and the trembling body grew still.

—Doris Lowe.

Lavender Hymnals

It seems strange that hymn-books are always either red or green or brown. If they were only in attractive shades of red or green or brown —a sage green, perhaps, or a crimson red—But they never are; the red is always a dull maroon, and the green a drab brownish olive. There are never hymnals of bright rose, with silver edges; hymnals of clouded mauve or of mandarin yellow; hymnals with thick white paper and large print; beautiful hymnals that are dream songs from distant Churches.

The lights are clustered under orange parchment; they outline the dark sweep of huge domes; they soften the painted walls. The windows are pointed and colored; the organ music floats in a thin cloud of sound. The American Church is not unappreciative of beauty—but it has forgotten the hymn books; it has overlooked the "importance of little things."

My Paths

Most paths lead somewhere, but the paths I like are the paths which lead anywhere or nowhere. My paths are not paths across campuses, paths through city parks, paths across corner lots, paths made only to save a few steps.

My paths are often cattle-paths leading to water; wandering woodland paths leading across fallen trees and through beds of springtime flowers—cowslips, dogtooth violets, and fragrant May-apples. These are the paths I love . . . lonely paths . . . uncertain paths; often fading suddenly beneath my feet, leaving me to find another path to lead me on again.

My paths often lead me to books and a quiet room or a quiet spot on a river bank. Book-paths are often as uncertain as woodland paths; one does not always get anywhere, but one always enjoys the journey. Sometimes I go a-fishing with Henry van Dyke, sometimes I go to Hingham Hills with Dallas Lore Sharp, sometimes to Upland Pastures with Walter Pritchard Eaton, and sometimes even to far-off Japan with Lafcadio Hearn. My book-paths are often the most interesting of all.

My paths are often lonely, for solitude is always my best friend.

The Stundst

Ivan Zimbaluk, the peasant, was returning by way of "Mount Sinai" to his home which lay a little less than a mile out of the village of Jitomir. Numerous clouds filled the heavens and in the deepening twilight the road before him melted into indistinctness and haziness that was almost like a fog.

As his heavy boots, muffled by the layer of dust on the road, thumped along monotonously, the peasant gazed toward the void ahead, thinking but not seeing. As he neared the rough bridge over the Vagrisko, he thought of the words of the new president of the "Stundsts". For many weeks Zimbaluk had entertained himself with the more serious thoughts that the meetings of the little religious group had inspired within his brain, and tonight he was more than ever engrossed in the doctrine of his faith and its application to his own drab existence.

"An old, old doctrine," he mused to himself. "What could be truer religion than the belief of our very first ancestors? What could be more genuine than the things they held to be right? Hertziv Tjoisky was right —it was the only belief. And is not Tjoisky a true messenger of God himself? Yes, he has been proclaimed so by the Stundsts of Jitomir and his fame has reached Moscow."

Zimbaluk stopped to gaze into the sluggish waters of the riverlet called "Vagrisko"—by the Stundsts recognized as the new River Jordan.

"Quiet, deep, symbolic," thought the peasant, leaning to watch a twig trace its slow path over the surface of the water. Then he passed on into the forest.

Emerging from the cedars of Lebanon, he was well toward the turn in the road when he came upon another traveler who was going in the same direction. It was a neighbor—a young man whom Ivan had heard was to be married soon. Falling into conversation with the fellow, Zimbaluk soon turned his talk into his favorite topics.

"Nichol," he questioned anxiously, "you have thought this marriage idea out carefully?"

The other nodded. He was not a member of the Stundst group.

"But you know that Adam and Eve, our father and mother, were not married?"

Nichol shrugged. "What do I care about Adam and Eve?" he said carelessly. "I'm living today. It doesn't make any difference to me what they believed—what difference does it make, anyway?"

Ivan glanced at him half pityingly.

"You will never know heaven, Nichol; you are not following the doctrine of our father and mother," he said firmly. "They were never married and they reached heaven because of that."

"But you are a wedded man, Ivan, and have a fine family." Nichol seemed somewhat bored with his bearded friend's argument. The older man sighed and nodded slightly.

"I know, Nichol, but that was before I knew—it was before Tjoisky came to us and started the new church." For a brief distance they walked on in silence, each occupied by thought. Ivan pictured his cheerful wife with her dark hair and pretty eyes. He thought of her fine helpfulness and of how she idolized her children. He sighed heavily.

Presently they came to a small gateway behind which the little two room hut of Zimbaluk was faintly outlined, a warm faint glow came from the one window facing the road. Nichol bade his companion good-bye and quickened his pace as he started off down the road.

* * * * *

Zimbaluk mumbled unintelligibly to himself as he removed his heavy boots and leaned them against the stones at the end of the fireplace. The rough chair creaked satisfyingly as he settled his weight upon it. Ivan poked a chunk of wood on the fire and watched it crackle. He noticed that the wind had risen and that the heavy rain clouds had begun to fulfill their threat of the early evening. Solemnly he watched the fire. He was bolstered by the warm, ample meal Catherine had set before him earlier, but he had scarcely uttered a full sentence since he had greeted her at the door. His wife came and sat beside him.

"What is it, Ivan? Are you in trouble? Can I do anything? Is it the rent? Has he asked for more?"

Ivan shook his head slowly, as if in a trance. He would not let her know she worried him. He wished she wouldn't try to talk so—so rather confidingly to him. It brought to his mind memories—always of their days of courtship and more vivid than ever, the picture of their festive wedding day with all its pomp and with its ceremonials. Yes—that ceremonial part of it . . . Presently he heard her quieting the children and putting them to bed.

"Father is worried, Leo," she said, "and you must keep very quiet."

"Oh—" thought Ivan and listened to the wind's moaning voice. Soon he was alone in the quiet and could watch the flames die and think his thoughts in solitude. The flickering of the fire became slowly less noticeable. Outside the rain beat steadily except at times when the wind grew louder.

He was reminded of the rites of the church—the ones they had gone through that afternoon, late, when the two new members were taken in. The words of Messenger Tjoisky seemed to resound again. He remembered the "coming of the last judgment of the world" and again—oh, again and again—"Adam and Eve were not married—you shall not see Heaven if you are married." Passion arose within Ivan. His mind was troubled with the great problem of his own salvation—the problem Tjoisky's words had aroused. He was angry—worried; torn by two great conflicting powers within him. He poked viciously at the fire with the heavy bar-like poker. The mad voice of the wind sounded like mocking laughter . . . and then changed into a melody from Tschaikowsky. Honeyed harmonies added only bitterness and abandonment to his struggling feelings.

"We are fools," he muttered in a low voice. "Nichol is a fool because he is young and will not listen . . . and I . . . I am a fool because I am old and there is no hope for me." His hands were clenched together.

"But there must be hope—yes, there must be. It is never too late—there—there is always a way. Yes, yes—a way—a way." His voice trailed off into a nervous whisper that he himself scarcely heard. His shaggy brows knit closer together and he chewed his lips with rapid little bites that made his brown beard tremble.

"A way," he repeated to himself and to the voice in the wind, "yes, yes, a way," and going to a box in the corner of the darkened room he fumbled about and returned to the light of the feeble fire . . . he unfolded a long white robe, his thick fingers moving nervously among the plaits. Still whispering, he donned the robe and tied the cord carefully at his side.

The fire flickered and as he poked it with the bar his bushy brows lifted and he stared excitedly—confidently into the aroused little flames. A smile twitched at his opened lips.

Still holding the heavy poker he walked into the other room, his stockinged feet making no noise on the bare floor. By the light of a burning fagot he gazed on the peaceful faces of his wife Catherine and the two boys Leo and Andrev. Catherine was serene with her pretty black hair encircling a smooth white face. The little ones were so innocent-looking . . . Ivan's brown beard trembled, then his body stiffened slightly. Silently he laid the bar down and, working carefully, began to tie the feet of the three sleeping figures. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he moved, catlike, winding the rope around and around. He straightened up.

His eyes were glassy. The brown beard did not tremble so plainly now, but his breathing was strained and rapid.

"There is a way," he muttered, turning to the heavy iron bar, "yes . . yes . . . there is a way . . . . . ."

* * * * *

Under a great cedar on the side of "Mount Sinai", soaked to the skin from the rain, they had found him. He was taken to the jail in Jitomir in the late afternoon of the day after the murder. On the following day he was brought before the judge.

The townspeople packed the space that had been given the title of "courtroom" and Ivan's neighbors discussed him and the murder and the fire from all angles.

"They say the calls for help could be heard long before the fire was seen," ventured one.

"But not by many," rejoined another. "Will the Soviet judge make it more than the usual ten years, I wonder—ten years for a murder, but how about this?"

The room quieted as the trial proceeded. In an impassionate and colorless manner for so vivid a murder, Ivan Zimbaluk wove his own sentence by the simple details of the crime. Without fear or passion, without anger or sorrow, Ivan told his story; its details, and then exculpated Hertziv Tjoisky from any part in the affair.

The courtroom buzzed while decisions were reached. The Soviet government was swift.

"An extraordinary case," explained the judge, "Ivan Zimbaluk must be hanged by the neck until dead, said hanging to take place next Friday at dawn."

A light shone in Ivan's eyes. People looked at him with pity . . pity and a touch of fear. He looked beyond them.

"Poor Nichol," he said quietly.

—Corwin Lewis.

Purple Pig

Decatur, unless one feels virtuous or public spirited, is a rather dull place. The most of us are sane like Gene-Stratton Porter's *Girl of the Limberlost* or perverted in a passive and uninteresting fashion. Even Millikin isn't very intensely anything.

That is why I am planning to leave Decatur when I am graduated; that is why I am going to New York and be a Bohemian before very many years have passed. My apartment shall be in Greenwich Village, and shall have a distinctly immoral air. I think it shall be only one immense room with little corners cubby-holed off with fantastic orange and black screens for kitchen and bedroom, although I frankly admit I shall hate having Chili fumes clogging the air as I sleep. The furniture shall be of teakwood, and shall be strewn always with drapes of jade and deep yellow and crimson . . . a heterogeneous lot, for I must have a room mate who is an artist. There shall be an easel at one end where she shall work in a blue smock and shabby gold pumps; there shall be an eternal model in a Japanese silk kimona on a dais, languidly reclining on a couch covered with a bear skin. The hangings shall be of orange, and there shall be a black Persian cat with orange eyes to match the apartment and move about majestically.

As for me, I am going to work in a newspaper office that is as dirty and messy looking as the *Herald,* only a hundred times larger. I shall have an eternal marcel and wear black dresses with straight lines and patent leather pumps. And I shall be a success. I shall live in a certain orderly rush of politics, scandals, fires, and theatres, and tell of them all with such a masterly touch that I shall be promoted up and up till I am a sort of super-critic of everything super, and then I shall finally dissolve into the glory of writing plays and books on a typewriter in the other end of the apartment.

I feel that there I shall be appreciated as I am not here; I feel that there I shall find everything that I do not find here. For I have read wonderful stories of Bohemia.

My soul longs for Bohemia. . . But it's a rather silly soul. For I suppose that Bohemia is really immoral as well as having the air. So maybe I'd better stay in Illinois or go to California and keep on telling myself that I have a Bohemian soul and am not perfectly understood. I wonder.

Worship

Spring just came to *me!* She peeped out of a huge basket of flowers this morning with tantalizing grace and overflowing merriment. She smiled at me all through the sermon this morning —indeed the sermon I heard was delivered by vision alone. The brown wicker basket was rectangular—a long high handle topping its length, and stems of living blooming jewels interwove themselves around it—their faces falling low to meet the upturned countenances of their companions. The flowers were fourpetaled with black laughing eyes for centers. Pink—they were—then darker to a clouded rose and a smooth dark red—shading as my eyes leaped from blossom to blossom. Three brightly pink faces were nearly dropping from the basket, so anxious were they to reveal a royal delight and satisfaction in their Sabbath duty. They were like a box of luscious bon-bons. But it would be profanity to devour these!

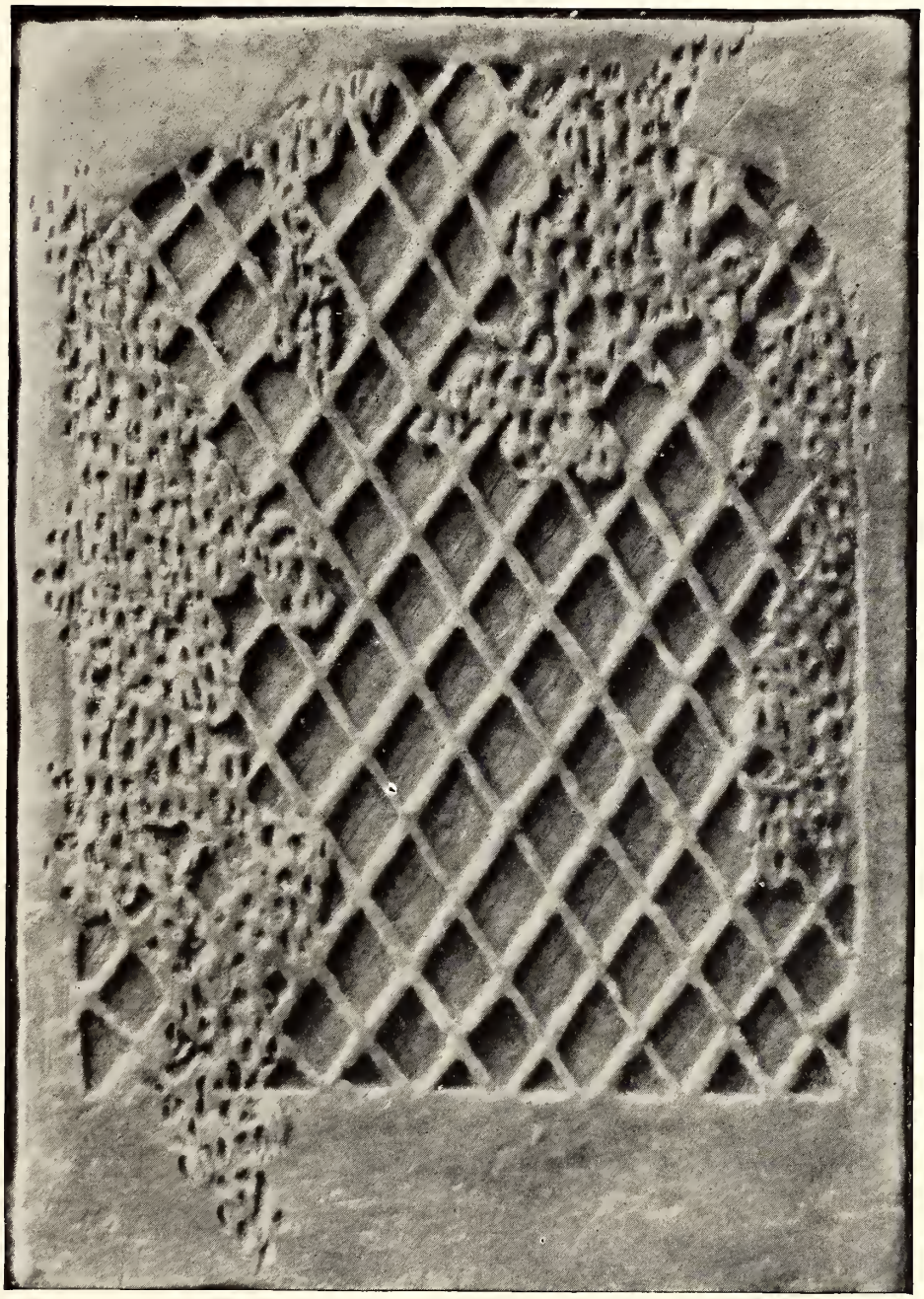
This be-flowered basket was a shrine to me. I wanted to snatch it from the material surroundings and carry it to a cathedral worthy of its presence. There in sombre shadows, by gently shaded candle flickers . . . I could kneel contentedly to the sound of softly played organ melodies . . . and pray and praise and ponder . . . in *true* Lenten fashion.

Satire

The Satire section this year isn't really Satire at all—it's an orange bubble blown large and very thin, so that strange dark shadows appear to slip about on it. There is the shining shadow of bells from a jester's cap, and the slim sombre shadow of a long-ago piper; there are shadows wide and quiet as a Chapel, and short bright little shadows that are the laughter of Freshmen. One of the shadows lengthened out into that strangest and most pathetic of all things—a Freshman's notebook. Another section, flashed with crimson, became the opinions of a Senior.

Other shadows, not really belonging to any of these, have slipped around on the orange bubble; these, too, we have sketched in whatever color and mood they wear. You may, perhaps, find your own shadow here. Or is it only "the shadow of your shadow"?

But after all there is a reality in Satire. There was a Reality in the scorn of Rabelais, and in the laughter of Moliere, and in the fantasy of Gulliver—a reality that is not always pleasant. And perhaps if you look too closely at this orange and shadowed bubble you will find soap stinging in your eyes, and the bubble will be nowhere. . .



Antiquated Architecture

Steve Leacock has the right idea. When this able scholar and English explorer calls the attention of the thinking world to the disgustingly aged old buildings of Oxford University, and protests against such buildings in the name of humanity and the Brick Layers' Union, he has, I say, the right idea. That buildings dating from the time of Chaucer should be allowed to stand and be used in this day of World Demorcacy is practically criminal. That such buildings should be used for the housing and education of young men is still worse, and certainly merits the condemnation of the uncivilized world.

Thousands upon thousands of arguments against such examples of antiquated architecture occur almost instantly. In the first place the sight of such old buildings causes one to pause and ofttimes think of the past. This, of course, must not be allowed, for, if one thinks too far into the past he is bound to begin to wonder about the origin of man, and there are already enough people fighting over that question. Besides the past is past; it is the present of which we must think. Shakespeare, Lincoln, Napoleon, Washington,—what are such men when compared with Grange, the originator of "Excuse my mud, please"; Jas. Oliver Curwood, the greatest matador of all time; or Henry Ford. The past was an age of darkness; we are living in a day of light (wine). Anything which would tend to lead us into these dark ages of Shakespeare and Milton should at once be destroyed.

Moreover, old buildings support too much ivy for the benefit of the surrounding country. Statistics gathered by the Irish Free State Bank of London show that it is impossible to raise more than fifteen bushels of hops within a radius of seventy-five yards of Westminster Abbey. The ivy saps all the earth's strength. Vines, morever, obscure the buildings so that it has been impossible to sell many old buildings because the prospective purchaser has been unable to see what he was buying. It is reported that three students and six girls were killed when their auto ran into one of the dormitory buildings at Oxford. The vines obscured the building so that the driver of the car was unable to see it. Such wholesale slaughter of life must stop if we are to have any men and women left to fight the next war.

Another trouble with old things is that they soon come to be looked upon with a certain reverence. Somewhere in America there is an old elm which receives much reverence and care because it had something or other to do with the Revolution. What if it did? There are thousands of good substantial trees in Mexico which have figured in thousands of revolutions, more or less.

I never saw a fool but that wanted to pass another law or start another society. I desire to pass a law that no more laws shall be passed; but what is more important, to found a society to aid in the fight against all things ancient. I have named this organization "The Anti-Antiquated Architecture Association". For membership kindly send your name and one dollar (to cover cost of mailing your membership certificate) to Santa Claus.

More Shades

I have heard that the ghosts of Millikin lived with the bats up in the tower and I have heard that they hovered around the spires at midnight, and I have heard that you see them prancing around the grave of the old dance petition: All bosh!

I have talked with the ghosts myself and they are not hidden among the towers and spires and sunken graves. Why, they charleston in our very corridors at noonday! They told me things in whispers and in pantomime; they told me how I could save Millikin—how I, only I, with their help, could make Millikin one of the six hundred with a thousand million endowment and the best equipped drinking fountains and folding stairways in the United States.

The first ghost tapped me on the wrist significantly. He made slits of his eyes and motioned for me to stand and receive his message. "Well," he said, "all I've got to say is this. When you've got a proposition, stick to it. Don't ever let them bamboozle you out of it. When you *say* you don't like Chapel, don't put yourself in a position to begin to like it. It's a perfectly respectable place to eat candy and to talk in. You are a radical, and you know that nobody who talks there is going to have anything to say that you want to hear. It's a business proposition. That's all. Good day."

Then another, with a sprig of mouldering ivy over one ear, came to speak to me. He smiled kindly and benevolently. "You know, don't you, that it is old things that count?" I nodded my head. Why of course, I knew that. "Then, my dear, you have a new college; you are handicapped. It is too bad that you are new. It will take you so long to get old. But you had better get to work at it, my dear. Start old traditions. Get to work and think up ways to have traditions. Traditions are the thing, my dear. Don't worry. Just keep at it." He stopped just short of patting my hand, and shaking his head he walked slowly to the window and looked sadly out on the campus.

The next ghost had a thoughtful brow and wore a recognition pin on the lapel of his shroud. "I've been thinking about this organization business, how you can have better fraternities on the campus. I have nothing really definite to offer—only this: don't get into such a heat over pledging new people. Whatever their faults or virtues are, whether they wear their hair too long or too short, have wild dates or tame ones, have too great talents and organization ability, or too high a soul for beauty, don't *worry*. You can make them over into the fraternity type." He held out his hand fraternally and gave me the secret grip.

Then they all came forward again. "Don't get discouraged," they told me. "We'll be here to help and encourage you"—and they vanished into the grey stone of the corridor.

Phi Chapter
OF
PHI PHI PHI

Mr. Ludwig Beethoven
%Ludwig Beethoven and His Collegian Orchestra
Berlin Cafe.
Dear Bro. Beethoven:

The boys at the house here have appointed me chairman of the social committee and in laying plans for our annual house dance we thought of no better arrangement than to have you and your Collegian Orchestra play for us, if you can get away on the 19th. It would give you an opportunity to meet all the old friends and become acquainted with our new pledges at the same time. Also we would just as soon pay our good money to one of the brothers as to some other good for nothing orchestra leader.

We have some remarkable pledges this year. We have just pledged a boy named Lizst who is pretty hot on the ivories, and there is another boy here named Mozart who has possibilities. We have a boy named Steinmetz whom we think will make Phi Bete. He is having a little trouble in one subject—Physics—but Tommy Edison is tutoring him in that and we think he'll come through O. K. We pledged three snappy looking boys the first of the year and they certainly know how to dress —Hart, Schaffner and Marx, all from the same town. Vasco De Gamma brought in a kid named Chris Columbus whom everybody liked—everybody except Ulysses (he's always putting the jinx on a good man after we get him over here).

There's a youngster named Mencken whom we are rushing. He's rather smart but he wise cracks a lot. We think Rotary will pledge him but we intend to give them a good race, for we want the kid.

Samson, our star athlete, is ineligible for varsity wrestling. We think he's dating that jane Delilah too much, so he's down in his work (he's got a new Collegiate haircut now—all the Frosh are copying it). J. Caesar flunked Latin. He's hung his pin anyway—Cleo Patria. Do you remember her? All the boys think she's plenty keen (he had her over to the house for dinner last Sunday).

Bro. Darwin spends a lot of time in the Biol. lab and the boys all accuse him of trying to rate with the profs. You remember what a reputation we had last year after Bob Ingersoll and Pat Henry tied for the Cicero Debate medal prize. Tom says Charlie will give us the reputation of being a bunch of bookworms. That's all right—Clarence Darrow made the debate team this year and he's only a second semester Frosh. (I say let us BE a bunch of bookworms if we can get into a lot of activities.)

Well, Lud, I've given you about all the "low down" on the boys at the house, and I can say, too, that they're all anxious for you to come back and play for us for that dance. Wire us collect (Sam Morse's dad manages the local telegraph office) and tell us if you can be with us on the 19th.

Yours for dear old Phi,

CHESTERFIELD,
Chairman of the Social Committee.

A Freshman's Note Book

MY TYPEWRITER

I've got a new typewriter
And I love to make it go.
I have n0t had it lONg.
AnD so 18m kind of slow.
tHe firSt tiMe that I wrote on it
The wRitiNG was a zihgt;/
bUt now im getting uSed to)c? to it
My tuoch IS getTing $&light $
I stick ()"z some paper inthe roll
And mAke it nixe and slidk
Then I go tap? "tap) tap
And it goes Click/ cliCk CkliIk
/when I firsT started using this
Nt fIngers always hAd the aches!
I broke off all my finGer naills
And used paper by the bales,
BUTNOW I8ve gotten over that.
GHave I madany Mistakes/?

POETRY

Lecture I.
I sat alone upon a hill
And heaved a heavy sigh.
Below me nothing but the ground.
Above me just the sky.
And as I sat and pondered there
Awondering why? and how?
Or simply whispered, What's the use?
Or, What shall I do now?
There came to me a tiny voice,
It is conscience some folks say,
Which said to me "Don't linger here!
Be up! Get on your way!"
"Don't spend your time in idle thought,
For each night there's a day—
Come, man," it said, "Don't linger here!
Be up! Get on your way!"
And so I say to all of you
Who would be bright and gay,
"Don't spend your time a mopin' 'round.
Be up! Get on your way!"
Yet as I strive to waken you
With all this good advice,
I just sit still, upon this hill,
Because it seems so nice.

POETRY: LECTURE II. AN ODE.

While chasing the wary whereat
Through the jungle of whereupon,
The whos and ifs exalt the bys
And give the suches some fun.
The terrible whoms and althoughs;
The whenevers and goofy stills
Pursue among the trees,
Killing agains and untils.
The whithers run hither and thither
Thereupon, forever and whence,
Crowding over and under the ins and outs,
Notwithstanding the boths of the thence.

Moral: However few.

(Isn't that Losta Goodate in the second row? Why doesn't she get a marcelle?)

(No, no-one rushed her—they heard she wore her wrist watch to a Formal once. Besides, she talks in F sharp.)

(Did she say something about writing a paper for Saturday? Heavens! Doesn't she know it's the week of our Formal?)

POETRY: LECTURE III. NICE DOGGIE! (A BALLAD)

Gwendolen stood in the moonlight
(The heroine of our tale.)
With bated breath she waited
Our hero, Joshua Dale.

(His real name was Fitzenheimer, you know, but better men than he have dropped an "isky" or a "berg" from their names and have joined the Klan. Still, on with the story.)

In a moment's time a clatter,
Then a rumbling of the moat,
And our hero entered briskly
In plug hat and near-seal coat.

(Now, he really didn't wear a coat at all, for it was mid June, but I ask you, honest, what rhymes with moat, but coat, that is, except boat, and you see he came on roller-skates instead. But to continue.)

With agile grace and beauty
He leapt lightly to the ground.
Oh, Gwendolen, my Gwendolen,
I'm here all safe and sound!

(Wasn't that too sweet of him to be so solicitous of her regard for his welfare? I'll tell you, it's the men like that, that make this country what it is with its women governors, men dressmakers and synthetic kisses.)

His coal black moustache glittered
As he grasped her hand in his'n.
You *will* be mine, fair Gwendolen,
Ere sun in East has risen!

(Ain't that swell, now? Do your stuff, Muse.)

His eyes implored her answer
And his heart it almost broke
When with mid-Victorian modesty
She trembled ere she spoke:

"I assure you, kind sir, my person is not altogether indifferent to your presence."

Oh, my God! it's too much. Muse, you done me dirt. I did want this love idyll to end right, but after that, what could he do but shoot her?

Now let us all sing one verse of 373 and be dismissed.

POETRY: LECTURE IV

By the shore of Coca Cola,
By the shining White Rock water
Stood the pup tent of Nabisco,
Father of his son and daughter.
In this tent—you'll scarce believe it—
Lived the family of four.
Father, mother, son, and daughter
All came in the same front door.
Things inside were slightly crowded
As you'd naturally suppose.
This displeased the lovely daughter
Whose whole name was Holeproofhose.
She had no room to see her callers,
No place at home to put her shieks.
Pebeco, son of Carbona,
Had begged for dates these many weeks.
Suddenly there came to Holeproof
Thoughts—to her things strange and new.
Soon she bought the thing she needed.
You must have guessed 'twas a canoe.
Now the damsel's an enchantress;
Suitors come from all the states.
Her canoe does all it should do—
Helps her care for all her dates.

HISTORY: LECTURE I

FAMOUS SAYINGS

I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way. Columbus.
Keep the home fires burning. Nero.
The first hundred years are the hardest. Methuselah.
Treat 'em rough. Henry VIII.
Don't lose your head. Queen Mary.
The bigger they are the harder they fall. David.
It floats. Noah.
You can't keep a good man down. Jonah.
I'm strong for you. Samson.

"What a heck of a lot of difference a few cents makes"

GEOMETRY: LECTURE XV

In Twenty-two acts
Translated and Rotated by Request

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Prof. Jarrett: A strawberry preserver.
Joe Edgeworth: A typical smoker.
Pat: An Irishman.
Rebecca: Their daughter.
Bill: Another boy.
Students, sailors, boys, girls, and what not.
Time: Daylight saving.
Place: Running board of a victrola.

Act I.

(In front of town hall. Enter 2 sailors, home on shore leave. They ground arms, shake hands, exit right.)

First Greek: Do you think it will rain?

Second Greek: You never can tell.

Third Scandinavian: Why can't I?

(Enter old bond salesman in one horse shay; cries out "Any ice today, lady?" He unsaddles mule and pitches shelter tent for the night.)

Dialogue: They disagree.

Acts II, IV, and XVII

All join in on chorus one after the other.

Lace curtain.

Act V

Alley scene in Moscow, Spain. The stands are rapidly filling. No. 37 of the other team kicks off. Official blows small whistle (preferably tin) and game ends with ball in midair.

First Cheer Leader: We gotta fight!

Stands: You bet we gotta fight!

During second half coaches suddenly decide to substitute numbers three and four for number seven.

Another curtain.

(Acts 46 to 7 declared unconstitutional.)

BIOLOGY—NOTES FOR FINAL PAPER.

ASCENT OF MAN

Some 15,900,000,000 years ago, man was not yet known, but a race of huge reptiles dominated the earth. A thousand, or perhaps a million, years later, mammals came into prominence and the reptile vanished, sinking into the mire under the paper weight of his own protective armor. One of the mammals that appeared under the iron hand of evolution was man.

Theology intimated that the earth was created at nine o'clock one morning 4004 years B. C. Here is, apparently, some discrepancy. Although I have profound respect for science, I must give due weight to the Hebrew tradition for I have direct evidence upon the subject. I have ridden the horse that was created four thousand and four years before the start of the Christian Era. This horse is unique (unus equus); there must have been something about his creation for he was not like other horses. I mounted and buried my spurs in his flanks. He sighed sorrowfully, but gave no other sign of recognition. "Get up," I said. "Neigh," quoth he. So I dismounted to examine him. Now my riding teacher has said to hunt for trouble in a horse as you would in an auto. I did so, with negative results; his ignition system appeared in good order, for when he walked he hit on all four. Furthermore, he was well tired —quite fagged out in fact. I could find nothing wrong until I thought about that word "auto"—Ah, said I, I have it! I must perform an autopsy. So saying I slew that horse; 5,929 years of horse flesh vanished like a ship in the night. He passed his post mortem examination with a high average and I sold him to a local restaurant.

Outside of the horse I have found very little evidence to support the Hebrew tradition of the Genesis. Inside of the horse I found many startling phenomena, but none, indeed, that was valuable to the theory. So I looked to man!

Now, let us look at man scientifically. He is a biped, a mammal, and a vertebrate. There is ground for argument on the last point, for some men obviously have no backbone. As for man's credentials as a mammal we need refer to no higher authority than Shakespeare's allusion to the milk of human kindness. No one, I believe, will deny that man is a biped—he has two feet, and there is that. (Although, I must confess that recent research in the Kentucky mountains has revealed a race of sixfooters. For reasons beyond the scope of this text, we neglect them in the course of our discussion.)

Having established beyond the shadow of a doubt that man is a vertebrate, biped mammal, we have thrown a great deal of light upon his origin. There are very few vertebrate, biped mammals: man, ape, monkey, and the vinck, a beast of whom we know nothing. He was extinct five million years ago, and left no fossils anywhere. There is not a physical trace of him in existence, and we have no written records—he is utterly extinct. However, the man, ape, and monkey will furnish material for discussion.

Rather than resort to vivisection and autopsy let us consider the fossil remains of the three races we mentioned above—science makes no bones about the study of fossils.

My predecessors, Darwin, Huxley, and Jolsen, all made rare collections of bones, but Jolsen's collection is by far the most interesting. Darwin and Huxley found no skeletons of man, because man, so they say, kept away from large bodies of water. This theory hardly holds water—I prefer the data of Jolsen. Although Jolsen had few fossils of his own, he told me just where to find the clues I wanted. Following his advice I went to a small island in the Atlantic at n5°10″ and w6°22″ and began to dig.

My labors were well rewarded, for after excavating 361 cubic feet of earth I found the fossils I hunted, a single pair of bones, of the frame of the Benzene man. Those two bones would mean nothing to the layman, but by a careful examination of them I was able to reproduce the skeleton of the man. Nothing remained of the anterior and posterior trunk, nor of the cranial suitcase; all was decayed except these two small bones from the palm of his hand. They were cubical in form and measured fifty-seven hundredths of an inch on a side. When I told this fact to Doctor Bird, my colleague, he was speechless.

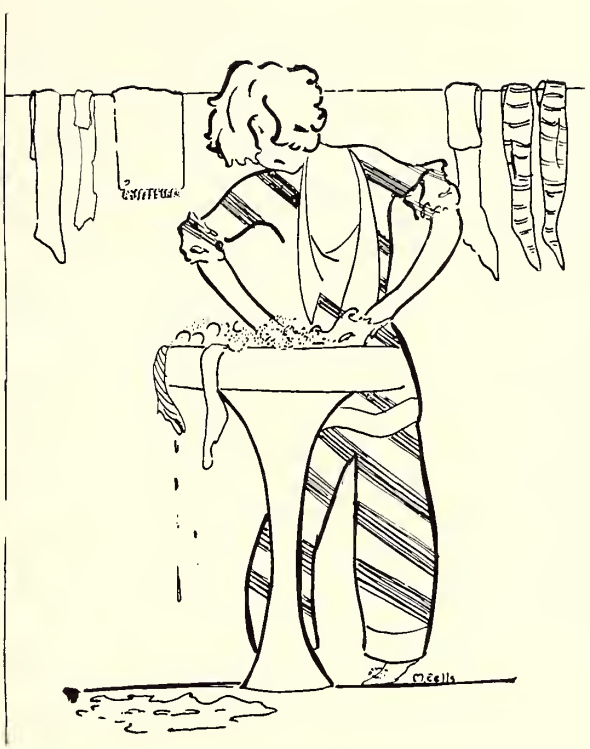
After determining the shape and dimensions of the bones, I knew at once that the Benzene man was of the Plastic Age, that he was between three and four feet high, that he was prognathous and measured six feet from jaw to jaw. His eyes, as I readily perceived, were like snake eyes; he had a language and called all his female cousins Little Phoebe and each male cousin Little Joe. His civilization was far advanced for I found evidence of box cars in the two palm bones. And, last of all, he lived fifty billion years before the first glacial epoch, knew some elementary engineering, and was proficient in Economics.

This was the last discovery of my long and useful career, for I died shortly after returning to the United States. However, I am confident that my work will be carried on by Prof. Bird. At my deathbed he stood by me to the last. I knew that my hour had come, and a moment before my death I said to him, "Bird, the Benzine man had ten little fingers and ten little toes." So saying, I closed my eyes and fell into a comfortable sleep from which I never awoke.

There is still some question as to whether or not my dissolution can have actually occurred, for my banker informed Bird, just yesterday, that I am insolvent. However, Bird can testify that there was nothing questionable about my demise.

C. P. N. Pointer.

End of this Freshman's notebook.



Porter: De man in room seben done hang hisself!
Clerk: Hanged himself! Did you cut him down?
Porter: No sah. He ain't dead yet.

Observer to trombone player blowing furiously: Look here, brother, if you want to pull that thing apart, get around in front.

First Cynic: There's no truth.
Second Cynic: How true.

FOUND IN AD DEP'T OF REVIEW

For rent, desirable furnished room on West Main. Eastern exposure, steam heat (sometimes), two alcoves, colonial fireplace (unused), cot, other furniture. Extra—one (1) 1903 Victrola with new crank, three slightly cracked records. Good janitor service. Present incumbent's reasons for leaving:

1. Chemistry. 2. French. 3. Calculus. 4. Condition in History.

Sign on Ford: Not lazy. Just shiftless.

ENGLISH: LECTURE XX

FORMULA FOR LETTER-WRITING

a. In seventeen seconds:

She has been made happy. Mother knows you are well. Father realizes you are broke.

b. In five minutes:

Dear .....

{Very glad / Charmed / Delighted} to receive your {package. / letter. / postal.} It was very nice

{to get your card. / to hear from you. / candy.} I should have answered your {special / postal / letter} before.

Due to {meetings / unforeseen circumstances / studies} I have been unable to answer your

{letter / special / postal} until today.

Have you heard the latest? What do you think?

{Mary / Vivian / Betty / Peggy} is engaged to {Joe! / Tom! / Eddie!!! / Monty!} They are going to be

{arrested / married this / sued} {summer. / June. / fall.} I heard that they are going {to South America / to work / abroad}

right after the {horserace. / wedding. / trial.} Don't you think it is perfectly

{atrocious / adorable / criminally negligent} for them to do this?

Everything is just {heavenly / fine up here now. I am at present / so-so}

{going D / passing / leading the class} in {math / gym / Spanish} but my average is {excellent. / fierce. / punk.}

I must {tear away / close / end} now. Hoping you are {better / well / no sicker}

I am

{Decidedly / Very truly yours / Affectionately your}

PUBLIC SPEAKING: LECTURE 678.

ORATION

Four score minus a few years ago this school brought forth new students conceived in learning and dedicated to the proposition that all Freshmen are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great struggle testing whether we or any other mortals so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of this struggle. We have come to dedicate a portion of this field as a final resting place for those who flunked that we might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot withdraw, we cannot lessen, we cannot eliminate the pain which they endured. The brave ones living and dying who struggled here have suffered far above our poor power to add or detract.

The student body will little note nor long remember what Profs say there but the victims can never forget what they did there. It is for us, the living, rather to carry on the unfinished work which those who went there have so nobly brought forth. It is for us rather to promote the work before us that from these unhonored martyrs we shall take increased devotion to that for which they gave their last cent of tuition; that we have highly resolve that those flunkers shall not have been kicked out in vain; that we poor mortals under our dear teachers shall have a new thirst for knowledge and that we shall toil and burn the midnight oil that more like those sent on before us shall not perish from our domain.

(Did I tell you about the nightmare I had last night?)
(You needn't. I saw her.)

– Be it ever so homely there's no face like your own –

OUR DICTIONARY

To pet: Being kind to dumb animals and dumb animals being kind to each other.

Home: A vacant place where the postman leaves mail. A plate ball players use.

Neck: A collar rack. A device for spending an evening.

Compact: An article signed in the Mayflower. Also for restoring the skin you love to touch.

Engagement: A military skirmish. Period before real battle.

Mary's a terrible cheater at golf.
Are you sure?
Yeah. No matter how many times she hits the ball she always calls "four".

First Stude: Did you get your Phil?

Second Stude: Yeah, I got Plenty.

HELEN—MORE OF IT.

I loved Helen.
Hell ensued.
No use yellin'
I loved Helen.
She my tellin'
Misconstrued.
I loved Helen.
Helen sued.

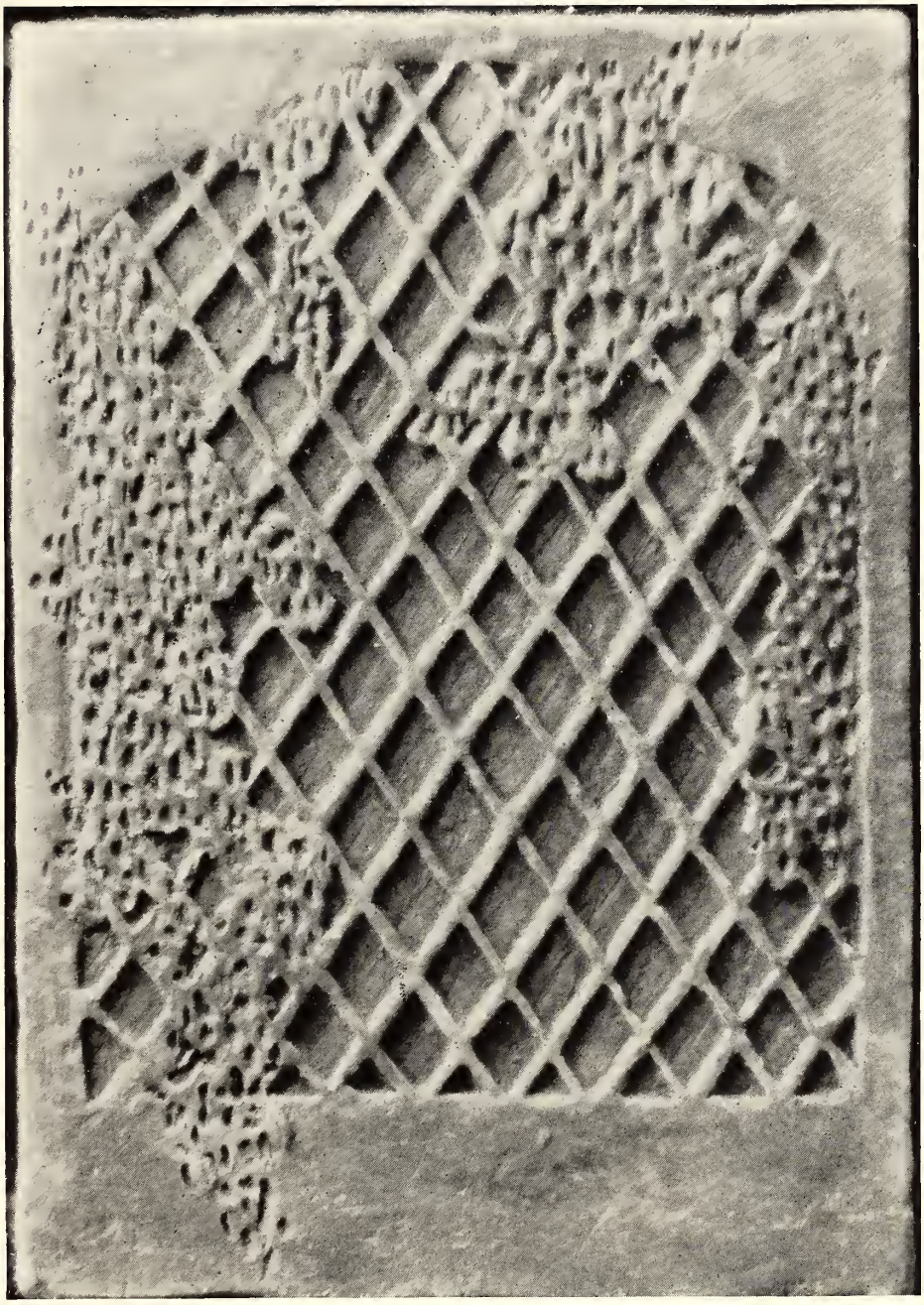
Mother: How did you lose your front teeth, son?

Son: Shifting gears on a lollipop.

"A woman is at the bottom of everything," moaned a farmer, as he pulled his wife out of the well.

Tears

Her eyes are cool and grey, and lighted each by
one far star that hung past seven curtains
of grey mist.
When she cried I laughed aloud.
I had never seen a star dissolve before.



What Millikin Has Been Thinking About
—Editorials from The Decaturian.

Chapel

There is a prevailing tendency, especially among smaller colleges, to let anyone "come out and talk to the students." The men who come have often had no experience in dealing with college people and are in no sense teachers. For the most part these talks are of no value and accomplish little. The speaker is in too many cases either a joke or sleep producer rather than an inspiration.

It would seem as though this condition exists because the proper emphasis is not placed upon the educational value of chapel. There are few instructors who would let anyone else teach their classes. Just any visiting evangelist who called up over the phone would not be given a position as an instructor in Bible for a few days. Most colleges are particular about their faculty. Chapel is the place for the bringing of new thoughts and inspirations. This does call for a variety of speakers, but it is none the less a regular required course at the university. It seems as though this course should develop an appreciation among the student body of good speaking and clear thought. It should broaden their view points and give them a wholesome respect for many things that were unknown to them before they entered the college.

The exclusion of certain speakers, or rather, the selection of good speakers, would not mean the sacrificing of free thought any more than the selection of a capable faculty means the exclusion of ideas.

Certainly the time has come when the college should plan its chapel course with the same care that it uses in planning its other courses. The first step in doing this would be to select chapel speakers who are capable of producing thoughts and holding interest.

Overhauling the Alma Mater

College songs need to be overhauled. We were reasonably certain of this when we read last week's article on college songs. After hearing the Intercollegiate Glee Club concert, we are convinced.

Thirteen college songs and not a good one in the lot! Not one that would lend itself to group singing. Certainly the Alma Mater song of the college should in some way represent the spirit of that college. It should contain beauty and rhythm and above all it should be singable. We listened in vain for such a song Monday night. The words of most of the songs were senseless. They all contained expressions such as, "Hail, Hail," "Love to eternity," "Fair fame." Then came our own "Millikin Loyalty," with a perfectly foolish reference to "land or sea." Certainly it would not have been out of place to sing, "think boys, think of the purple and the pink."

Most of Millikin Loyalty sounds all right when a trained club sings it, but we all know that it does not lend itself to group singing. Too many college songs are strained and unnatural. When we read their words we laugh and when we try to sing them we groan in despair. What do we want? Something like the Union College song that we printed last week.

There's a road and there's a river comes a running
from the west,
Where the sunny hills are dipping to the vale,
And the singing of the river puts song into the
breast,
As we're stepping down the Mohawk trail.

There is a challenge to anyone who is entering the Millikin song contest. We need an inaugural song and we can use a "fightem" football song, but above all we need a good group song.

"Mentally Deficient"

According to news reports, Art B. Hickox, of the driving campaign, recently stated that drivers of old decorated Fords are "probably mentally deficient."

And yet, in so stating, Mr. Hickox is calling one of the most democratic manifestations of the western university a lack of mentality. The old car is the college man laughing at poverty. He is broke most of the time and is not afraid to admit it.

But what of the year after he graduates. It is then that he must become a man of the world. He and his young wife can no longer ride in a decorated Ford. It becomes necessary for him to buy a car on credit, to enter the building and loan, and to purchase a fur coat on the installment plan. Like thousands of other American people he will use credit in order to live far beyond his income.

Perhaps Mr. Hickox is right, perhaps the first is lack of mentality and the years after graduation show the real sanity. Perhaps ignoring social customs is a sign of poor mentality. But if such be the case, there are many who much prefer to remain "mentally deficient."

Nobody Will Claim the Radical

Investigators have been busy of late, assuring Chambers of Commerce that college students are not radical. State universities have issued statements that they do not harbor any "Reds".

If universities are not developing radicals it is time for them to close their doors. A radical is usually considered a man who is departing from the general order of things. Washington and Lincoln were radicals. Theodore Roosevelt was a radical with his labor policies. Woodrow Wilson was a radical, and the joining of the World Court and the income tax were radical moves. At twenty, Wilson wrote a paper that would still class him as a "Red" in nearly any group.

Certainly there must be some mistake in the reports that college students are not radical. Surely civilization has not been checked; there must be some radical students somewhere.

Mr. Bellis

For eight years a tall genial grey haired man has gone quietly about Millikin performing a great service unmarked but none the less precious.

He made mathematics a living and interesting study. His large experience gave him a practical viewpoint that made him one of those rare instructors who view knowledge as a whole. Every day in classes he had some amusing true story to tell about the application of the particular problem at hand. Once he demonstrated a parabola by telling how Coach Stagg taught Walter Eckersall to kick a punt.

Mr. Bellis was a man who made of teaching an art, a passion and a religion. His major interest in life was the teaching of young men and women. He was so young in the spirit of his class room, and so closely in contact with the life of students, that all were surprised to find that he was seventy years old. Few students had ever imagined that Mr. Bellis was much over fifty.

There is one expression that is truly typical of him. It embodies all the projection of his geniality. After he had finished the explanation of a formula he would turn around to say, "Are you with me, brother?"

In losing Mr. Bellis Millikin has lost a prince among teachers, a "brother" in solving the great human equation.

All Hail!

The worries of the educational expert are at an end. His problems have all been solved, for Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut, has discovered the ideal means of education. The college's dean recently stated, "It is our duty to disregard the individual and to turn out a Trinity type." It is apparent that the dean meant what he said for when Malcolm Stevenson took issue with the dean through the student publication, the editor was suspended from school for one month.

Certainly the dean is pursuing a wise course. He is using the same means that so effectively stopped individual expression in regard to Christianity, the means that outlawed modern invention, and the means that is expected to stop the teaching of the theory of evolution. Certainly the dean must be an ardent student of history.

It will be interesting to see just what the Trinity mind will be. Surely such a system will produce a Trinity type president who will rule the nation in the Trinity way. Whatever the type, there will be no flaws; the student who has an off nerve cell will be thrust out just as Malcolm Stevenson was thrust out.

No more need for such things as the Dartmouth report; student forums and conferences have served their purpose. The problem is solved and all students who would amount to anything in this world should turn their eyes toward Trinity.

Sorority Hokum

Millikin has some two hundred and fifty Freshmen. At least half of these are women. And yet, there were only fifty girls pledged last Saturday.

Naturally some of these girls refused bids, but there is more than one poor Freshman who is turning herself wrong side out to see just what is the matter with her. And, in most cases, there is nothing wrong. Perhaps she does not have quite as much money, maybe she does not attract as many men, or act as "cute" as some of the pledges. But in most cases, even this does not enter into the bidding. A girl must of necessity have a "drag." The girl from her home town must have great influence in the sorority and, above all, the greater part of the chapter must not know the Freshman too well. The theory that the Greek letter societies choose the best women on the campus is nothing more or less than plain hokum. Let any fraternity woman or pledge face the facts in her own organization honestly and she will be forced to admit that nine out of every ten women are pledged through the personal influence of some member.

The Freshman woman who is suffering the agonies of self examination should realize this fully. The life without a sorority will do her no harm. Perhaps she will never attain social heights as a Freshman, but she will do more good hard individual thinking than any pledge can ever hope to do.

As for the pledge, it might be well for her to realize that she is more lucky than valuable. She should at least attempt to remedy a bad situation by being decent enough to come down from her high and mighty position and by showing not only courtesy but friendship to her less lucky classmates.

Machinery and Hearts

Norman Angell pointed out that it really didn't make much difference whether the United States joined the World Court or not; her attitude towards the rest of the world is the same. Babbitt likes to play with the machinery but he seldom accomplishes much.

The same thing is only too true in a college. Students and faculty members like to play with the machinery. They make rules as to when girls shall come in at night. Fraternities attempt to beat knowledge into their pledges with paddles. Sororities change the time of rushing. Colleges try compulsory and non compulsory chapel, vaudeville chapel and religious chapel. The student council organizes and disorganizes.

But in spite of the tinkering with the frame work, there are not many great changes. Fraternity pledges continue to flunk until they learn the real value of study thru their own experience. In spite of sorority rushing rules, old offenders are still offenders. Town girls stay out when they please and make just as good grades as the girls who are forced to stay in a few nights a week. Chapel is just about the same as it was five years ago and the student council hits about the same place.

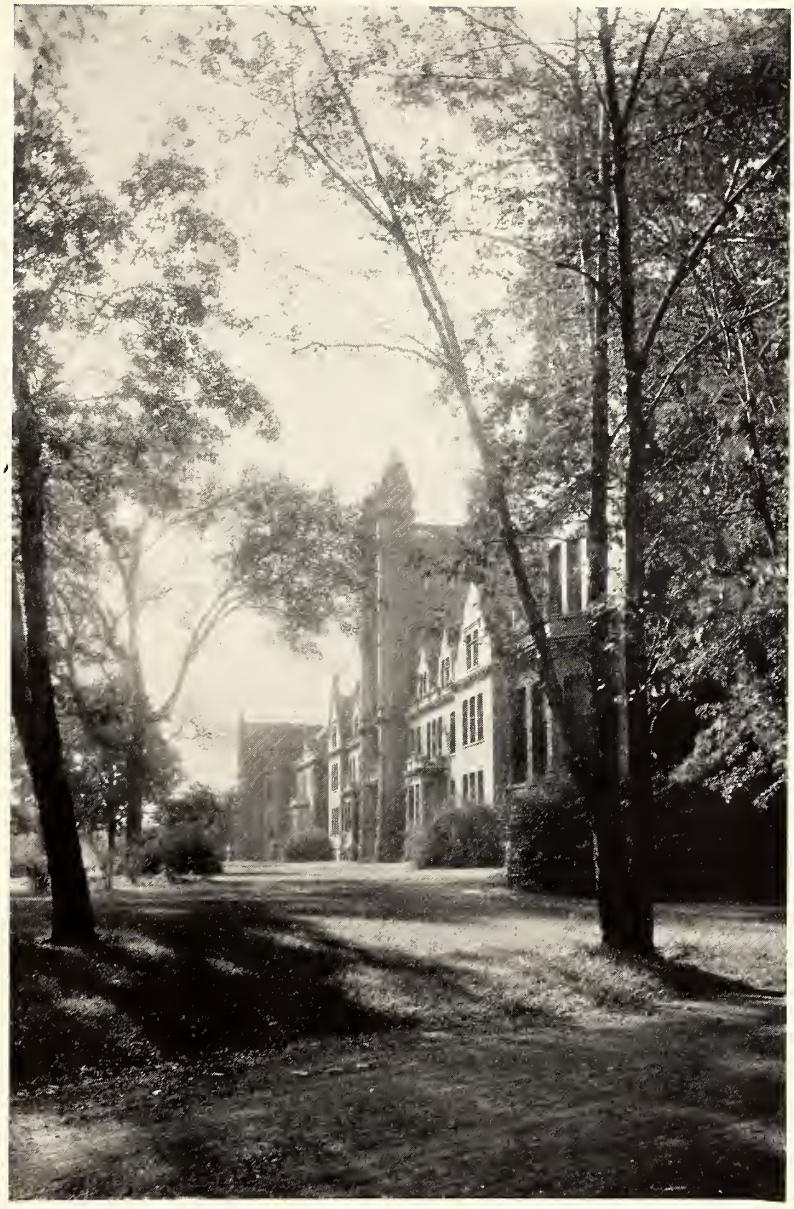
There has been a great deal of advancement at Millikin but very little of it has been thru rules. The important thing is not to make the student do but to make him desire to do. Certainly a college should pay more attention to the heart of opportunity and the duty of the small college.

Straight Jacket Religion

Dr. Lampe brought to Millikin religious talks without a ministerial attitude or salesmanship methods.

One reason why the college student finds himself so vague on every question of religion is that a minister can talk about everything under the shining sun in straight English in a pleasing conversational tone, until he gets to the subject of his vocation—then he strikes an attitude, tampers with his voice and speaks eloquently in another language.

People can talk about music, poetry, literature, in simple terms of honest appreciation. But the reliance of most religious enthusiasts on certain stock phrases erects a stout wall between whatever spiritual truth the minister may have to offer and the college student's seeking after truth. When a student does feel something fine he finds it impossible to fit it into the straight jacket of religious conversation, and he becomes discouraged—and irreligious. "Something there is," says Robert Frost, "that doesn't love a wall." A Jesus would know better than to shut his truth behind a wall of dyed in the wool words. A Jesus would know that men's souls are of finer stuff than rubber that would bounce in divine ecstasy when he raised his voice in his limited repertoire of "washed in the blood of the lamb," "saved by grace," "divine love." Dr. Lampe is proving that Christianity would do better without slogans and a sales talk.



Millikin's Quarter-Centennial Celebration

Millikin held her Quarter-Centennial Celebration on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of April and the first of May. It was marked by a faculty masque, an academic processional, and many prominent lecturers.

The Masque *Alma Mater* was presented Friday night in the auditorium by members of the Millikin faculty. It was written by Miss Davida McCaslin, Miss Fay Fisher, and Mrs. Sidney Smith, and read by Miss Norma Connor.

Friday, Founder's Day, began with an academic procession of the President, Faculty, and Senior Class, from the Conservatory to the Auditorium. The procession was followed by addresses given by H. M. Owen, President David Kinley of the University of Illinois, Dr. Albert Reynolds Taylor, president emeritus of Millikin, Dr. A. G. Bergen of the University's board of trustees, Dr. A. E. Turner, president of Lincoln College, and Charles E. Lee, president of the Millikin Alumni Association.

Friday noon the guests of the University were entertained at a luncheon in Aston Hall. Dr. Boyd H. Bode of the Ohio State University and Dr. Harvey G. Townsend of Smith College spoke Friday afternoon; Dr. George A. Tawney spoke Friday night on Religion and Experimentation.

Saturday was Alumni Day, and was marked by an address by Dr. William McAndrew, superintendent of Chicago schools, in the morning, class-reunion luncheons at noon, a track meet and baseball game Saturday afternoon, and an Alumni banquet Saturday night. Judge Olson, chief justice of the Chicago municipal courts, spoke on crime and its prevention after the banquet.

Many Millikin alumni returned for the event, and there was much interest shown among the students themselves and throughout Decatur. Millikin has completed its first quarter-of-a-century step; there is much to be done and much that we will be able to do in the next twenty-five years.

Relay Carnival

The national high school quarter mile relay record, and four other Millikin interscholastic records were smashed in Millikin's sixth annual spring Relay Carnival held on J. M. U. field April 24. Tilden High of Chicago set the new national mark with a time of 45 3-10 seconds, nine-tenths of a second under the old mark of 46 1-5, made in 1910 by University High of Chicago. Paterson, the best dash man of the meet, together with Kiss, Davia, and Malin, composed the Tilden team.

Although this race was the feature of the meet, there were many other good marks set, and four former Millikin Relay Carnival records were shattered. The nationally known Urbana mile relay team surpassed the Millikin record by four seconds in taking this event in three minutes and 35 seconds. The other relay record that fell came as a result of Springfield's victory in the two mile relay, the Capitol city lads running this event in nine minutes, 14 3-10 seconds.

Paterson of Tilden broke two dash records in the morning preliminaries, clipping one-tenth of a second from the 100 yard dash mark by running it in 10 1-10 seconds. He also established a new mark in the 220 yard dash, running it in 23 1-10 seconds.

Although Millikin scored no points for the events of the meet, Decatur newspaper records show that Benld gained the greatest number of points in the special events, with a total of twenty-two, and Tilden of Chicago stood second with eleven. Novotny of Benld was high point man with twelve points, and Paterson of Tilden followed with ten. Benld presented a well balanced track team. No records were broken in the special events outside of the 100 and 220 dashes. The field was soggy due to the heavy rains the night before, and the track was slightly slow, although in fine condition. The entire meet was held under the disadvantages of a high wind and chilly weather.

Five hundred athletes from fifty-five schools participated in Millikin's largest and best Relay Carnival, and eighteen schools placed in the special events.

An added feature of the affair was the presence of Dan Kinsey and Loren Murchison, two Olympic stars, who gave exhibition races. Dan, who is world's champion 75 yard hurdler, and a brother of our own Bill, ran the high hurdles, while Bill, a member of the J. M. U. track team, opposed him running the low hurdles. Loren Murchison, one of the world's greatest sprinters, competed against Hastings and Seago of the Blue track team in 100 and 220 exhibition races.

Many of the visiting athletes were entertained at fraternity houses, and as much as possible was done for the teams to get them acquainted with Millikin and Millikin people.

Coach Eugene Sutherd managed the meet, aided by Student Managers Joe Carp and John Miller.

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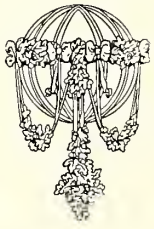

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A certain party: My these flowers are fresh. There is some dew on them yet.
Gene: Er-yes. But I hope to pay it tomorrow.

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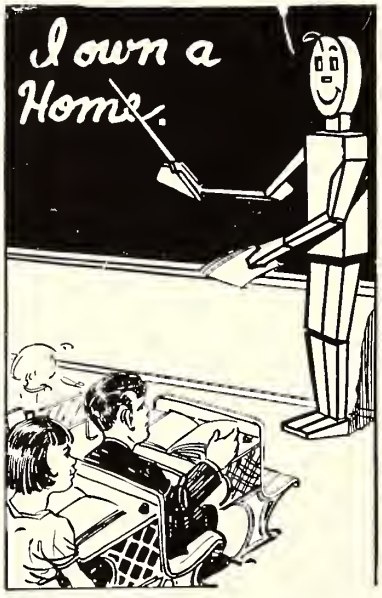

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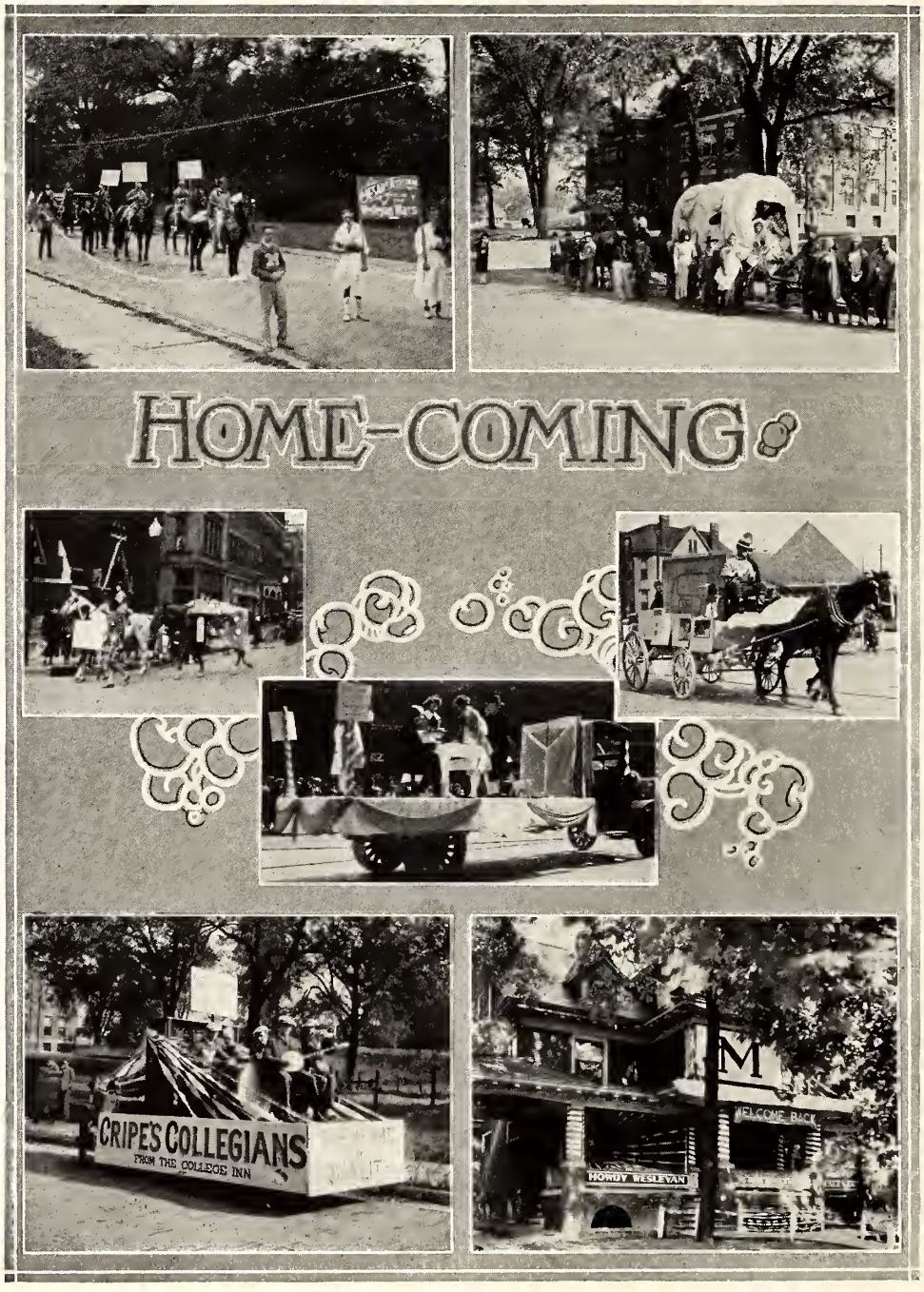
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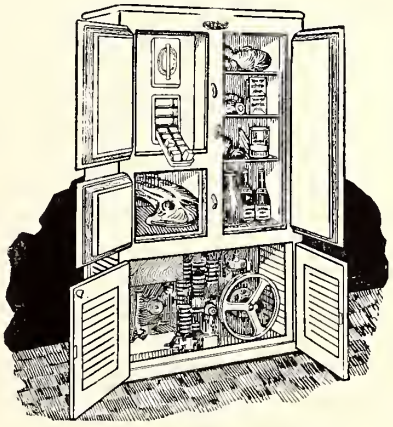

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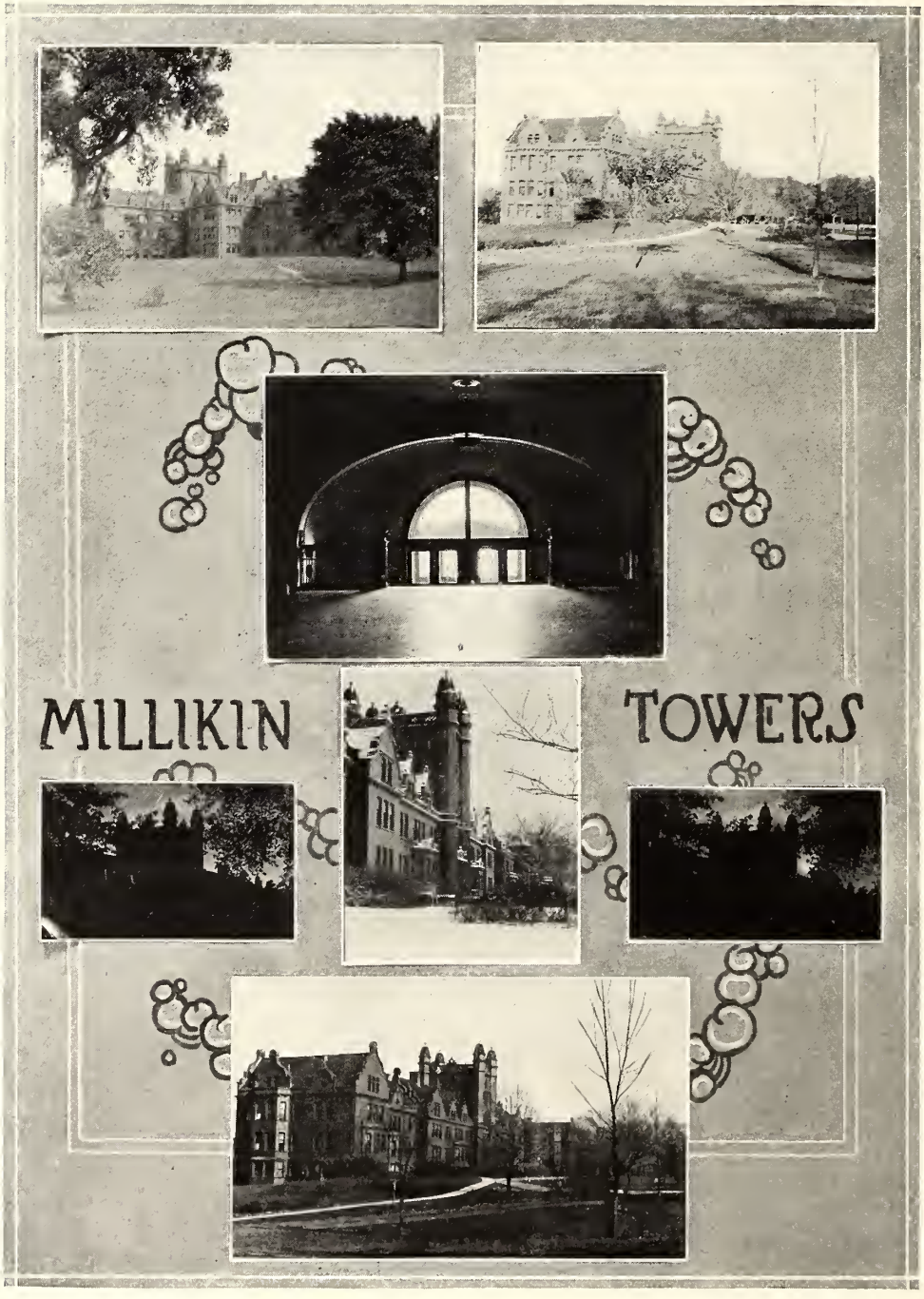
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"We are creatures of habit. We succeed or we fail as we acquire good habits or bad ones; and we acquire good habits as easily as bad ones. That is a fact. Most people don't believe it and only those who find it out succeed."

—*Spencer.*

THE NATIONAL BANK OF DECATUR

"Decatur's Oldest National Bank"

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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EBER M. SPENCE, *District Agent*

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When you see "Ebe" Spence, don't think of life insurance,
but when you think of life insurance, see "Ebe" Spence.

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I'll be ready to serve next Fall
Music and Entertainment for

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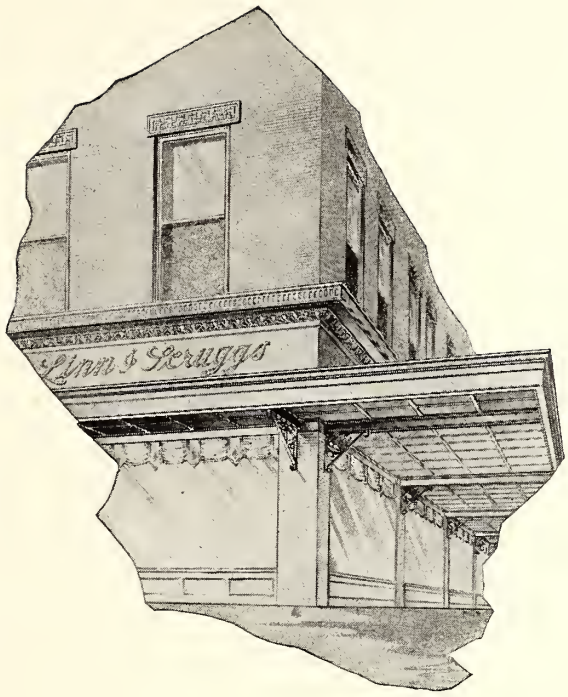

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Compliments of

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DEPENDABLE CUT PRICE DRUG STORES

FAUCETS—

What *vital spots* they are about 7 a. m.

Tonight . . . as you sit in your easy chair after a good dinner, the faucets in your home will be about the least important thing in your life.

But oh, what a difference a few hours can make Tomorrow morning you may be forced to shave in cold water because the hot water supply was exhausted by a faucet that ran all night—ran because it was one of those nuisances that can't be turned entirely **off.**

Or you may be delayed because the faucets refused to fill the bath tub quickly—the kind of faucets that can't be turned completely **on.**

Mueller faucets for every Vital Spot in your plumbing system **offer** a sure way out of faucet trouble. They look well, and, still more important, they invariably **work** well. Through sheer merit they have become an accepted standard **of** faucet quality.

Mueller quality and Mueller service have naturally attracted the established, highly skilled **merchant** plumbers in every locality. Your plumber will be glad to supply and install Mueller faucets. If he does not carry Muellers he can quickly get them, for there are more than 300 Mueller jobbers throughout the United States and Canada.

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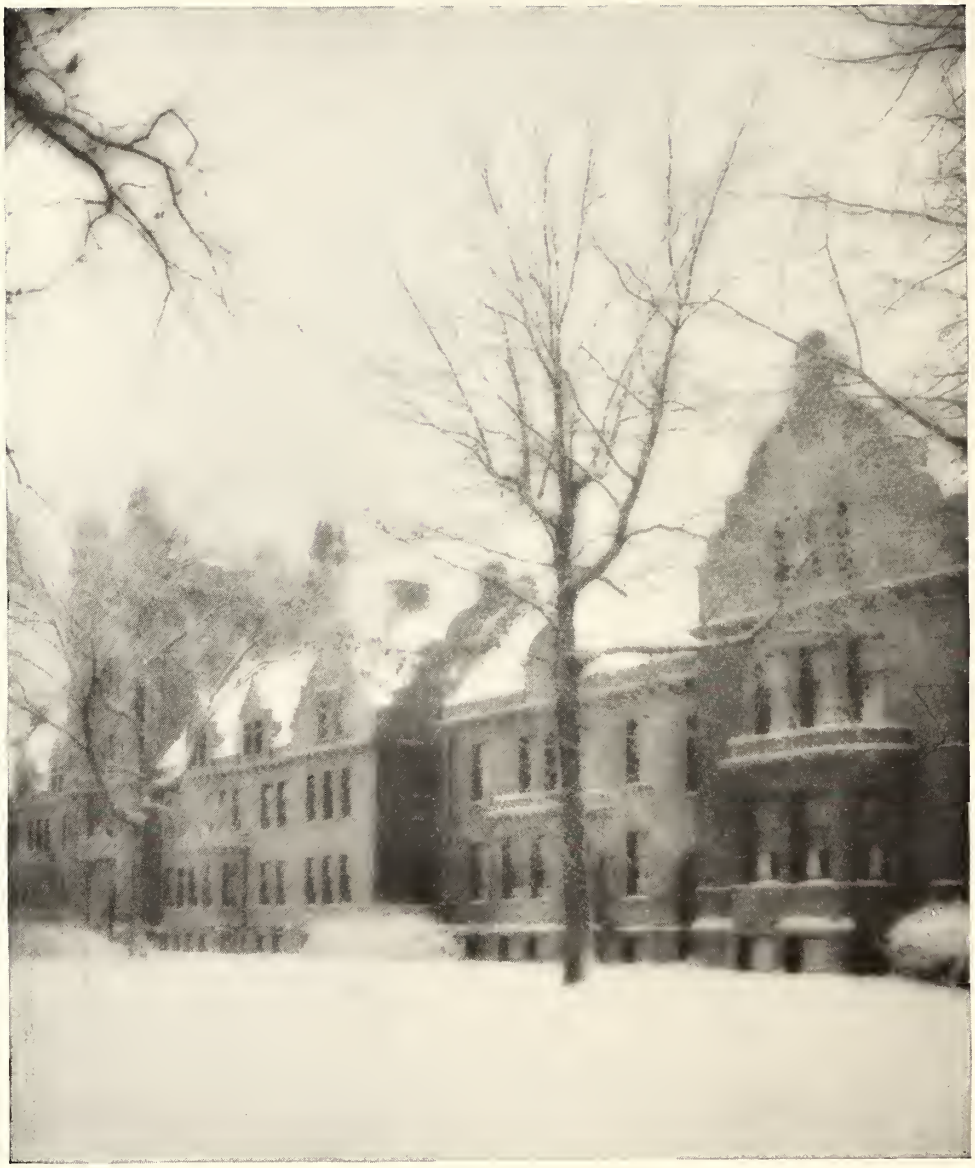
Factories: Decatur, Illinois., Port Huron, Michigan. **Branches:** New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles. **Canadian Factory:** Mueller, Limited, Sarnia



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GOOD CHILLI—CIDER BAKED HAM—MINT STICK ICE CREAM

We Serve Breakfast and Hot Noonday Lunch
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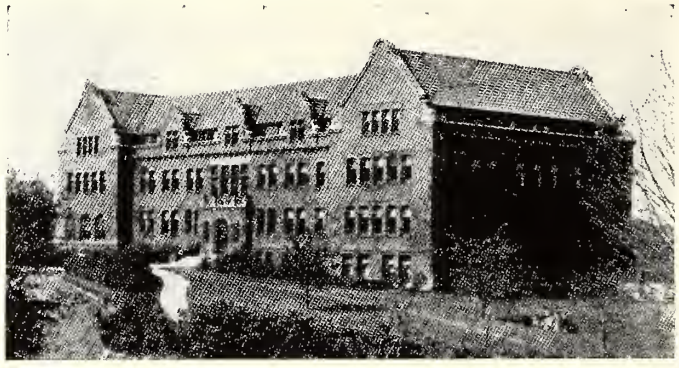

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Music-Literary Course leading to Degree Bachelor of Science in Music

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250 ROOMS — 200 BATHS

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MODERN - EUROPEAN - FIREPROOF

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Special Attention Given to
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Complete Fixtures designed and built for every class of Store, Bank, School, Laboratory, Office, Court House and Municipal Building.

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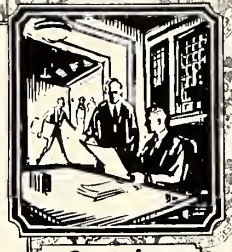

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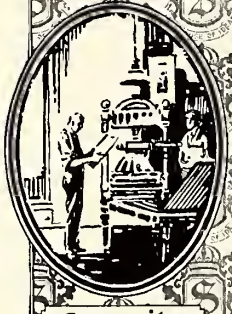

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